THE BALNEA:

OR, AN

IMPARTIAL DESCRIPTION

OF

All the popular Watering Places

IN

ENGLAND,

Interspersed with original Sketches and incidental Anecdotes, in Excursions to

MARGATE,
RAMSGATE,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
BRIGHTON,
LITTLE HAMPTON,
BOGNAR,
SOUTHAMPTON,
LYMINGTON,
WEYMOUTH,

BATH,
BRISTOL HOT-WELLS,
CHELTENHAM,
MALVERN,
BUXTON,
HARROWGATE,
SCARBOROUGH,
TYNMOUTH, and
YARMOUTH.

WITH

Observations on several ancient and respectable Towns and Cities leading to the above remarkable Places.

BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

I cannot flatter, and I will not lie.——*Pope.*

London:

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1799

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TO

MISS LINWOOD.

MADAM,

LOOKING round the world for a Patroness to whom I might wish to address the following observations, I could perceive none at this present æra from whom I might derive more honor, or find one more eminently distinguished than yourself.

Had you lived in the mythological days of old, the transcendent labours of your ingenious hands would have raised

raised your name to a state of immortality, and the sapient God, placed on his bright Parnassian throne, wondering at what you had done, would have added another sister to the celestial NINE, and called her UNICA, for being so great a Mistress of the *Opus Phrygium* art.

If at an hour of relaxation you shall be pleased to think any of the following pages worthy your perusal, it will be the highest gratification to,

MADAM,

Your most humble

And obedient Servant,

GEO. S. CAREY.

THE

APOLOGY.

AS the rage for visiting the different Watering Places in this kingdom has every season become more and more general, I shall make no other Apology for my introducing this Balnearean system, than that it might have been better done by many others than myself, had the same idea come before them. There are partial accounts given of every place that I have spoken of, but they have been written by some inhabitant on the spot, or some hireling, who for his interest's sake has been

obliged to say something handsome, should the situation be ever so ugly, and given the qualities of each place, like a fair piece of white paper without a spot, and with one insipid sameness of perfection. Every one of the places in question have their beauties and defects; therefore, like a landscape, the best way is to give each its natural colouring, so that, where the defects are introduced in a dark or dingy ground, the beauties are always seen with a better effect, by being thrown judiciously in by the painter as a contrast in some advantageous situation, where the excellencies are heightened by comparison.

What I have ventured to give the Public is little more than a kind of Chart, in which the Reader, looking over it by his fire-side in the winter, may bethink himself what place would be the most convenient for him to visit in the summer.

It

It may seem odd perhaps, and look like vanity in me, having obtruded two or three favorite bantlings of my humble Muse into the following pages; but, as many of them have been seen like poor wandering foundlings, thrown upon the world without their real parent's name being known, and none to tell to whom they belong, I thought it high time to declare myself the Father; especially when I have been so often told that the relationship has been given to another, and I must be thought unnatural indeed, were I to deny my own children; for the poorest mother and the humblest father, though their offspring should be ever so ragged or ever so plain, are generally tenacious of their being called by the name of any other family, and I have many of the same feature.

As I have never had interest, like the Authors of *Fal de Ral Tit*, the *Little Farthing Rush-Light*, and many other writers of such *elegant* and

and *classical* productions, to have my songs ushered from the stage, my poor disconsolate brats have seldom been seen or heard in public, but when they have been yelled through the loud discordant lungs of an itinerant ballad-singer, where they have been more attended to from the incident than the music by the plebeian listeners in the streets of London, or sung as Tom of Bedlam did his frantic scraps, "at fairs, or wakes, or market-towns;" and my relatives hereafter, when I may *be* no more, though I may have done so *little*, may be glad, trifling as they are, that I have done so *much*, and be pleased with them because they were mine.

SUB-

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——Walker, Conduit-street.

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ERRATA.

Page 14, line 17, for *It is* read *Is it.*—P. 25, l. 1, for *transubstanaittion* read *transubstantiation.*—P. 55, l. 17, for *ailes* read *aisles.*—P. 86, l. 4, for *gained* read *gain'd.* P. 167, l. 8, for *upholdsterer* read *upholsterer.*—P. 180, l. 4, for *embibed* read *imbibed.*

THE

BALNEA.

MARGATE.

THE Reader often feels as great a satisfaction in going over the excursions of another in print, as if he had trod the ground himself; at any rate, it is less irksome and less expensive than the trouble of travelling two or three thousand miles.

When a man has paid his deposit to a book-keeper, at an inn in London,

don, for being conveyed to Edinbugh, or any such-like distance, in a stage-coach, he is little aware, if he should be a stranger to travelling, of what mortifications, what impositions, and what impediments he will meet with on the road. Shakespeare says, "Fortune never comes with both hands full,"—nor does pleasure. A traveller, from his first setting out upon such a journey, will find himself a victim to the hostler, the coachman, the waiter, the chamber-maid, and the inn-keeper; for, notwithstanding the plausible advertisements held out by the coach-master to the public, of "Expedition, safe and easy travelling, with good treatment," and similar allurements, it is a hundred to one by the time they have changed the first set of horses, the passenger will find himself

himself in as aukward a situation, and as little respected, as if he was a convict, under the influence of a jail-keeper, on his voyage to Botany-bay, male or female, old or young, or let their description be whatever it may.

In our police, there is as needful a look-out necessary, in respect to this species of abuse, as any other trespass on mankind, being too often practised on the embarrassed traveller to a degree of terror, and sometimes cruelty; some provisional mode, therefore, of speedy redress and restitution, while he is *on the road*, ought to be made by the Magistracy, to protect the injured and helpless from becoming subject to such unwarrantable measures.

To digress from the general subject, I will make my way to MARGATE, and pursue particular ones.

Should you visit this pleasurable watering place, and its vicinities, in the summer season, you can hardly travel through a country that has more attractive scenes, or more variety of prospect than the county of Kent. You no sooner reach Shooter's Hill, than the eye is arrested with natural and numerous landscapes of hill and dale, wood and water, until you arrive at Sarre, in the Isle of Thanet. The purpose of your journey is known by every inn-keeper, hostler, coachman, postboy, and waiter, on the road; and, like a sheep that has been under the necessity of making his way through a wild of thickets, in order to

get

get at and assemble with the social flock, you are sure to lose a great deal of wool before you get to your journey's end; and when you arrive at the place in question, you are considered as a summer-fly, certain of meeting with gaping swallows enough that are always ready to receive you.

Yet I do not know a watering-place that is more calculated to gratify a party on a summer's excursion than Margate and its environs; nor is there one where the Ladies have been so considered, or so accommodated. The Bathing-rooms are not only well situated as to their easy access to the machines, but as a pleasant retreat, at a small subscription, where you are furnished with the news of the day, and have a pleasant look-out in the morn-

ing over the green ocean,—now a calm, now a breeze; and sometimes presenting itself with all its grandeur in a terrific storm. In the evening, parties assemble in the different rooms, and, what is seldom found in other places of the kind, accord in amity, and find an innocent and laudable entertainment for themselves.

Each room is generally provided with a piano-forte; and is seldom at a loss for a willing and ingenious hand to display its dexterity, and give it harmony; nor are the vocal powers restrained in those that are possessed of that enviable ability.

The harbour is sheltered and defended by the pier, has a fine sand, and a level bottom; so that the bather, unless

unless the wind and the tide be uncommonly high, is seldom annoyed by the turbulency of the waves.

The Assembly-room is spacious, and a good object, standing in the centre of the town. The theatre is a royal one, well concerted in respect to size, and proportioned to the place. It is remarkably neat, and seems to be well conducted; the performers are better, in point of competition in the gross, than at most watering-places, but are not always so well attended as they sometimes deserve to be. This may proceed from the multiplicity of dice-boxes which are generally rattling at theatrical hours; for at the raffle-board every one is an actor; and, as the spirit of gambling infuses itself into the hearts and minds of men, with a much

much stronger and more interested propensity than the lines of Shakespeare or the notes of Handel, it is not to be wondered at, when you see the Theatre so often empty, or a deserving actor, with all his ability and best exertions, neglected.

There is a tolerable market, but it is not so well supplied as might be wished; and, if you are desirous to furnish your table with the necessary comforts of the day, you must get up by six o'clock in the morning, and scramble for them, otherwise you may chance to go without your dinner.

The Pier is a lounging place for many people every evening, but of a Sunday it is a general promenade, where you will see a greater diversity of

of object, a more heterogeneous group than at any place in England; which often enables the ingenious artist, when he is disposed to make use of his pencil, to treat the world with a whimsical characature or two. The Libraries are uncommonly elegant, particularly the upper one, which was built by Mr. Hall.

Dandelion, about a mile and a half from Margate, is as pleasant and rural a retreat as can be found any where; possessing a grove, an extensive and well-levelled bowling-green, encircled with a voluptuous and variegated ſhrubbery of the rarest plants and flowers, intersected with seats of accommodation, like to those at Bagnigge-Wells or White-Conduit House. The dwelling from whence the place takes

takes its name is antient, formerly belonged to a family of that name, who resided there, and by the stately gateway which is now standing, they must have been people of great respect, being adorned with battlements, as if it had been a place of some defence. The house is now licensed as a tavern, so that the visitor has an opportunity of refreshing himself, if he pleases, while dancing on the green, which is a general practice during the season at a public breakfast, every Wednesday, about twelve o'clock.

There is no proper inlet to the town of Margate from any direction whatever; and what they call the High-street is a close contracted thoroughfare; many parts of it filthy, with scarcely a decent habitation, and only

only serves in the present instance to shew us what their now-flourishing town was in its original state. The street is too narrow for one carriage to pass another in the day, but in the night it is dangerous indeed! being of considerable length, commencing from the London road down to the old Parade, which is nearly the extent of the town. What the old Parade might have been is no easy matter to tell, but in its present state, and in this improving age, it has little to boast of in respect to elegance, or even cleanliness, and in rainy weather it is a mere swamp; the greateſt part of it lies between a noisy stable-yard, well furnished with manure, and the common sewer of the contiguous market-place, as well as all the lower part of the old town, which frequent-

ly

ly yield up the most ungrateful exhalations and unsavoury smells to those who choose to regale themselves in this delicious neighbourhood.

Cecil-square is well built; so are the houses in Church field; but they both turn their backs to the sea, the sight of which one would suppose to be one of the principal attractions which bring summer-visitors to this place.

The narrow passage, leading from High-street to Cecil-square, and the Assembly-rooms, is dangerous both to foot-passengers and to those in carriages, and serious accidents have often happened there.

It is not to be wondered at, that those who have the management of these

these things (the principal part of the natives, who are always resident) do not contrive that the new-improved parts of the town should have better access to them, or that the visitors, who support the improvement, should not be better accommodated? It should seem as if they acted upon the following idea,—Serve but *my turn* to-day, and *turn out* to-morrow.

The lower order of the natives are cunning, avaricious, disrespectful, and sometimes malevolent; and, though their bread of life is for ever sweetened by the industrious honey-bees from London, who yearly distribute the essence of their winter labour among them, yet, from the depravity of their natures, as if they possessed an inward hatred in their minds to-

wards their best benefactors, they seldom discover the least spark of gratitude, or even common civility.

Church-field and Cecil-square form the principal part of the new town, and there would have been a tolerable opening from thence toward the London and Ramsgate roads, but the intervening ground, in different patches, having been unfortunately purchased by several of the low shopkeepers of Margate, who have conjunctively built upon it a few paltry huts, forming an insignificant row, which they call Cranbourn-alley, by which means a very elegant and respectable neighbourhood is deprived of the only eligible egress that was left of making their way into the high road with safety or convenience.

The

The most desirable spot in Margate, and where a handsome row of houses might have been judiciously ranged, with all the capability of forming a pleasant, airy, and useful walk in the front, is on the west side of the town, at the back of the High-street. It is not only eminently situated, but has one of the best aspects of the harbour, where there is an everlasting entertainment for the eye, from the number of vessels perpetually coming in or going out, with an extensive view of sea and land. But this idea is done away, from the ground being purloined by the proprietors of a rope-walk, who carry on their business upon the very spot in question, and which would be an intolerable nuisance, were such an improvement to take place.

The Isle of Thanet possesses a number of industrious as well as ingenious farmers, who, from an indefatigable attention to the land, have made the soil uncommonly prolific; so much so, it is said, as to yield as much grain in one season, as to furnish the inhabitants with bread for three.

The villages are neat, and prettily scattered about the island, and shaded with orchards, fenced with elm-trees; those of St. Peter and St. Lawrence are beautifully situated, and contain many respectable families. There is a labyrinth of roads which leads from place to place, so that in your excursions you never tire with a tedious sameness.

Margate

Margate is seventy-two miles from London by land. The post-towns, through which you pass, are Dartford, Rochester, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury; but Rochester and Canterbury, and their vicinities, are well worth the attention of the traveller, if he should have so much time to spare.

Kent is not only eminent for the beauty of its prospects and fertility of its soil, but it produces much "eventful history," which is to be met with even on the road to Margate.

At Dartford, the marriage-solemnity between Isabella, sister of Henry III. and Frederic, Emperor of Germany, was celebrated. King Edward III. founded a nunnery in this town, which became famous for the dignity of its

devotees. At the time of the Reformation, King Henry VIII. converted it into a palace for himself and successors. Queen Elizabeth, in her way from Rochester to Greenwich, resided in this palace two days; it was alienated from the crown in the reign of James I. The Knights Templars alſo had a mansion in this town. The first paper-mill was erected here by Sir John Spelman, in the reign of Charles the First.

Near the road from Dartford is a large common, called Dartford-brink, where Edward III. held a ſolemn tournament in the year 1331.—The ſtrife between the families of York and Lancaster began here, A. D. 1452, when Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, brought together on this

this spot an army of ten thousand men.

The country about Greenhithe and Swanscomb is famous for being the rendezvous of the Daniſh freebooters. The latter place derives its name from a captain of those barbarians, called Swein, who there pitched his camp, which was named Swein's Camp.

Near the twenty-seventh mile-stone is Gad's Hill, supposed to have been the scene of the robbery mentioned by Shakespeare in his play of Henry IV.

Kilburne, who seems to have been a much better topographer than orthographer, if we judge by the multitudinous errata which he has prefixed to his work, furnished the world with a survey of Kent in the reign of Charles I.; speaking of Rochester caſtle,

tle, he says, " Julius Cæsar, about 1700 years since, in the time of Cassibelanus, Governour of Britain, commanded the same to be built, according to the Romane order, to awe the Britains, and the same was called the Castle of Medway, but time and tempests utterly decayed the same. Oese, or Uske, king of Kent, about 1150 years since, caused Hroff, one of his chief counsellors, and lord of this place, to build a new castle upon the old foundation, and hereupon it took the name of Hroffes Cester.

" About 350 years afterwards, Hasting the Dane besieged and much impaired the same; and it afterwards lay desolate till the time of King William the Conqueror, who caused it to be new built, and put 500 souldiers (for

for a guard therein; to which Odo, Earle of Kent, and brother to that King, was a great benefactor.

" Afterwards, in the year 1088, in the time of King William Rufus, that Odo and other Barons held this caſtle againſt him; the ſame being then accounted the ſtrongeſt and moſt important caſtle in England. And his ſubjects being backward to aſſiſt him, he proclaimed him to be accounted a *niding*,* (which was then a word of high reproach) that came not to his aſſiſtance; whereupon multitudes came, and the reſiſtants were forced to yeelde the ſame to the King; and Gundulphus, a Norman, then Biſhop of Rochester, repaired and fortified the

* Supposed to have meant a dastardly foolish fellow, or perhaps our *idiot* or *ninny* are derived from it.

ſame,

same, and built the great tower therein.

" Afterwards, in the 17th year of King John, the Barons held this castle against him, but he took the same: and in the year following, Lewes, son of Philip, King of France, likewise took the same: and King Henry III. afterwards gave it to Guy, of Rochford, a Poictovin, who was afterwards banished, and therefore lost the same.

" Afterward, in the year 1264, Simon, Earle of Leicester, besieged the same, and won the bridge and the first gate, and left the siege.

" Afterwards, in the fifth year of the reign of Richard the Second, the Commons of this country strongly besieged this castle, and by force took a prisoner

priſoner out of the ſame; and thus the castle ran to decay, and the old walls afterwards falling, King Edw. IV. repaired both the same and the castle.

" I finde alſo three mint-houses to have been granted by King Ethelstan, about the year 930, to be in this city, viz. two for the King, and one for the Bishop. And 8 December, 1251, King Hen. III. held a Just here.

" As concerning the cathedral and priory.

" The same was built by King Ethelbert, in the year 600, and dedicated to the honour of God and St. Andrew, endowed with lands called Priestfields, and channons were put into the same. But the several devastations

aforesaid

aforesaid of the city, by the Mercians, Danes, and the West Saxons, also caused the decay both of this church and the priory, both which were new builded by the aforesaid Gundulphus, being bishop there about the year 1080."

A judicious Editor, who published in the year 1772 the History and Antiquities of Rochester, says, "About April, 1556, Rochester became the theatre of one of those horrid scenes that disgraced the reign and religion of Queen Mary I. John Harpole, of St. Nicholas' parish in this city, and John Beach, of Tunbridge, were burnt alive as heretics, according to the sentence of Maurice Griffin, bishop of Rochester, for denying the authority of

of the church, and the transubstanaittion of the sacramental elements.

"The illustrious sister of Queen Mary was more propitious to this city. It has been observed by many historians of her reign, that travelling from one part of the kingdom to another was a favourite passion of Elizabeth; and in order to gratify this laudable inclination, she, in the year 1573, visited various places in the counties of Sussex and Kent. Being on her return towards the metropolis from this tour, her Majesty came, on September the 18th, to Rochester, and, for four or five days of her continuance here, she took up her abode at the Crown Inn; but, on the last day, Mr. Watts had the honour and happiness of accommodating her at his house on Bully-hill, the

same which lately belonged to Mr. Brooke. There is a traditional story of this royal guest having given the title of *Satis* to this mansion; either, as declaring it to be her opinion, that the apartments were sufficiently large and commodious, even for a lady of her exalted rank, and that therefore all further apologies (supposing he had made many on the subject) were needless; or as expressing her satisfaction at the treatment she had received in it."

The name of Watts stands very conspicuously forward in the annals of Rochester, owing to the many benefactions he left to the city and its neighbourhood; one, from its singularity as well as its utility, particularly attracts the attention of both the traveller and the historian, and that is the

the house appointed for the reception of poor travellers, situated on the north side of the High-street, in which, agreeable to the benevolent design of the donor, poor travellers have lodging and four-pence each; and, that this charity may be the more generally known, the following inscription is fixed over the door:

RICHARD WATTS, Esq.
By his Will, dated 22 Aug. 1579,
Founded this Charity,
For six poor Travellers,
Who, not being Rogues and Proctors,
May receive gratis, for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment,
And Four-pence each.
In Testimony of his Munificence,
In Honour of his Memory,
And Inducement to his Example,
NATH. HOOD, Esq. the present Mayor,
Has caused this Stone
Gratefully to be renewed
And inscribed,
A. D. 1771.

The

The Mayor and Citizens of this city caused a monument to be erected to his memory, on the south side of the door, entering into the choir of the cathedral; on the top of this monument is a bust of Mr. Watts, given by Joseph Brooke, Esq. as appears by the following inscription under the bust:

Archetypum hunc dedit
Jos. Brooke, de Satis, Arm.

On the marble monument beneath it:

"Sacred to the memory of Richard Watts, Esq. a principal benefactor to this city; who departed this life, Sept. 10, 1579, at his mansion-house on Bully-hill, called *Satis*, (so named by Q. Elizabeth, of glorious memory) and lies interred

interred near this place, as by his will doth plainly appear. By which will, dated Aug. 22, and proved Sept. 25, 1579, he founded an alms-house for the relief of poor people, and for the reception of six poor travellers every night, and for employing the poor of this city."

In respect to the dock-yard at Chatham, Camden, speaking of it, says, "It is the best-appointed arsenal the sun ever saw."

Between the 54th and 55th milestones is the ancient village of Harbledown. This was the place that formerly held that precious relic called St. Thomas à Becket's slipper, neatly set in copper and chrystal, mentioned by Erasmus. Numerous pilgrims to

the shrine of St. Thomas used to stop here, and kiss his slipper, as a preparation for their more solemn approach to his tomb, in that blind age when priestcraft had its fullest sway, followed by bigotry and superstition, so far as to bring men down upon their knees even to a heap of putrid dust, whose ambitious spirit had made its flight to an awful region, where he will be convinced of his own insignificance, and be made to answer for all the sacerdotal perfidy and hypocrisy he practised, not only on his deluded followers, but shameful cruelty on his King, who had raised this ignominious and ungrateful monster, from the lowest order of life, to the most exalted state of affluence and splendor. The mitre of this imperious prelate is deposited among the many *sacred* vestiges at

at St. Bertram's church at St. Omer's, in French Flanders, which is much revered by every devotee of the Roman church.

Kilburne says "Canterbury is one of the most ancient cities now in the nation, and anciently called *Caergent*, or the Court of Kentish men.

"It is reported by some to have been founded with Winchester in Hampshire, and Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire, by Rudhudibras, otherwise Cicuber, King of Britain, almost 2500 years since; the truth whereof may be questionable, for that it is believed for certain that Shaftesbury was founded by King Alfred many hundred years afterwards: but as certain it is, that this city of Canterbury was famous in the time

time of the Roman government here, and in the time of Ethelbert, King of Kent, above 1050 years since. This was his chief city, and place of residence, which afterwards was by Ethelstan enriched with seven mints, viz. four for himself, two for the Archbishop, and one for the Abbot.

" And for divers centuries afterwards, this city was the chief place of Kent, governed by a præfect, portreve, bailiffe, or provost, until the year 1449, when it came to be governed by a mayor, and so hath ever since continued; and in the year 1461, it was made a county of itself.

" The cathedral is a fine piece of Gothic architecture, situated in a spacious square towards the east side of the

the city. This magnificent pile is erected where a Christian church stood before the Saxons governed in Kent: that church, with its adjacent palace, Ethelbert gave to Augustine, the monk, soon after he arrived to preach the Gospel in Britain. Augustine dedicated it to Christ, and made it a cathedral-monastery about the year 600."

There are many ancient monuments in this church, some in very good condition, among which are those of Henry IV. and his Queen, A. D. 1413, and Edward, the Black Prince. The cloisters and chapter-house are of the same age as the church. In this chapter-room, A. D. 1171, King Henry II. either through piety or policy, suffered the audacious monks to

to vent their insolence on his royal back with a scourge. The ruins of St. Augustine's monastry stand upon many acres of ground, and the two spacious gateways lead the mind of the spectator to picture to itself what a splendid structure it must have been. But were I to dwell on the history of this city, it would break in so much upon my intended plan, that I should be under the necessity of swelling my duodecimo to a folio volume.

The nearest way from Margate to Ramsgate is four miles; but if you should go through Kingsgate and Broadstairs, it is more than five.

Should you be disposed to go by water to Margate, you will often be under the necessity of arming yourself with

with a great deal of patience, and a good store of victuals; you must shut your eyes from seeing indecent scenes, your ears from indecent conversation, and your nose from indelicate smells. The hoys are a kind of small, much-crowded, and moving jails; the Captain, *as he is called*, and his men, generally assimilate much in their manners, and in their language, to the keepers of Newgate, and other places of confinement about London; and the passengers often, from the time they set sail from Billingsgate till they arrive at Margate, feel themselves under the same state of injunction as those unfortunate creatures who are kept under lock and key in the aforementioned places of confinement, and generally meet with as little degree of respect.

BROADSTAIRS.

BROADSTAIRS is another watering place, of little extent, and not much note, lately ſhot up between Margate and Ramsgate. There is a good view of the ſea, it is true, but it poſſeſſes no other attraction: it lies low, in a husky ſituation, with no diverſity of object; and being newly built, pictures to the traveller the idea of a brick-kiln, ſurrounded by unpleaſant and ſtubble fields. In going to Broadſtairs, you paſs Kingsgate, the ſeat of the late Lord Holland, the ſimplicity and elegance of which cauſes every traveller to pauſe with admiration. It is ſituated in the dimple of a hill,

hill, commanding a view of the sea, in a manner which presents itself to you with a crescentine effect: its appendages, such as stabling and other out-houses, are whimsically and judiciously fancied; they encircle the house at a considerable distance, the whole comprising many acres of ground. On leaving this beautiful scene for Broadstairs, which is in its neighbourhood, the latter perhaps ſuffers the more by comparison.

RAMSGATE.

RAMSGATE is much frequented in the summer season, by some of the first families; the principal street is very narrow, but well paved, and the old houses, many of which are built with flint, corniced and decorated with stone, are handsome, and kept remarkably clean and neat by the inhabitants. There have been considerable additions made to Ramsgate in respect to building within these few years. Church and Albion Places are well built, both commanding an extensive view of the ocean, so far as the coast of France, which, on a fair day, may be perceived by the naked eye.

eye. The spirit of this place has been considerably kept up, and many of the trades-folks of moderate circumstances encouraged and patronised by that female Macænas the ingenious Mrs. T——y, and the greatest proportion of the new buildings were erected at her own expence, which is not only a compliment to her natural public spirit, but her judicious ſpeculation and taste.

The Pier is one of the most magnificent structures of its kind in this kingdom, forming almost a circus of a mile in compass, which is a stately and convenient shelter for shipping on that part of the coast. At the commencement of the Pier is the Aſſembly-room, built by the late Mr. Herritage, which, though small, is well proportioned;

proportioned; not ſplendid, but elegantly neat.

Albion-place is built upon one of the cliffs, overlooking the sea, commanding a variety of views, particularly Dover Caſtle and the Downs; the back proſpect preſents to the eye the greateſt part of the Iſle of Thanet.

The library here is much confined in point of ſituation, being placed in the centre of the town, very near to the market, at one of the corners of four ſtreets, where there is little proſpect, and much ſmell; and the ſubſcribers have this conſolation when reading, ſhould they take their eyes from their books, and turn them to the market, that they are well placed, having food for the

body

body and *mind* at the same time so near at hand. The librarian is a very civil, well-behaved, respectable tradesman, and the reason that his library has risen to that degree of eminence is from the uniform attention he seems to pay every body that is pleased to countenance him in his profession.—We are told that a certain popular lady in that neighbourhood, in order to accommodate the frequenters of Ramsgate, and encourage an industrious and deserving character, has it in mind to build another house for him near the Pier, where the subscribers will be placed in a better point of view, and enjoy the salubrity of the sea-air at the same time.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

This place is built in a sandy bottom, closely encircled with hills, contracting the atmosphere, which seems to lie heavy upon the heads and the hearts of the inhabitants; for there is a visible languor in all their manners, and a weight upon all their countenances. The Promenade is a long brick pavement, over which is thrown a wooden colonnade or shed; and, to keep you more from the light of the heavens and the influx of the air, this colonnade is sheltered by a row of tall elms, so that what air you imbibe for the sake of respiration arises from the earth or bricks, great part of which

are

are grown over with a thin coat of a mossy green, the common consequence of stagnated air or water.

There are two Assembly-rooms, but neither of them commodious, elegant, nor neat. One set of the public rooms are upon the side of the pantiles or bricked walk; the windows are not more than breast-high from the ground, without either curtain or shutter, and on a public night, the gentry, while dancing, (and many of them whimsical sickly figures,) being exposed to the vulgar eye, are often joined in the laugh against them by their own servants, while they are peeping through the windows at their masters and mistresses.

The

The visitors of this place are for the most part peevish old maids or bloated old dowagers, who will now and then bring a frisky young tit or two along with them, in order to keep them out of harm's way, as they call it; many of whom have often been scented thither by the Hibernian foxes that have been by *habeas corpus* unkennelled a while from the King's Bench or Fleet Prisons, and who have often taken advantage of the old hen's going to roost, in order that they may have an opportunity of running away with the *fattest* of her chickens.

Of what quality the mineral springs of this place may be is best known to the diplomatist, who, for his own sake, may have analysed them, or the credulous invalid, who may have been complaisant

complaisant enough to drink them; but, we are told, as every quack says of his nostrum, *they are good for all diseases.*

As we approach the grave, we begin to respect the church; like those who, on a journey, are in fear of a storm, from the threatening clouds that surround them, make way to the first inn for shelter, which in all probability they might have passed, had they not been in apprehension of some danger; from this principle, I presume, the chapel was built so near the Well, that, when they had filled their stomachs with the springs from the rock, they might improve it by the spirit of divinity, and, by mixing it, make it into a kind of religious grog.

Hence

Hence it is that the chapel is visited every day about eleven o'clock; but, whether from the love of the Gospel, the fear of their souls, or respect to custom, will be hard to determine; yet, true it is, that few pay a regular attention to this seat of devotion, but those who are on the verge of a grand climacteric.

The good minister, as a reward for his labours, is under the necessity of submitting to the painful alternative of leaving a begging-card for subscriptions at the rooms and libraries. When a physician administers to a patient with only a *bodily* complaint, he demands his guinea *in cog.* but when a minister of the Gospel has been holding out his comforts to the *soul*, is it not grievous that all the world are to be

be told that he is in want of a shilling, and that he will thank you for whatever trifle you may bestow on him? *Tell it not at home, tell it not abroad, lest the daughters of the Jacobins rejoice.*

If those devotees, who, from fear, seem to pay so much respect to their souls, had a respect to the holy cloth, they would surely raise an established stipend to prevent a gentleman of that description from blushing.

There is a playhouse here; it is very small, but often well attended. It may appear the more so, because a few people will make a full house, for when you are in it, you feel as if the actors and actresses were tumbling into your lap, and they are generally of that

that description which are seen best at a distance. The mistress of this company is named *Baker*, who has been in the theatrical *oven* so long, that she is become *crusty*, whenever you ask her a civil question.

The late Countess of Huntingdon built a Methodist chapel near Mount Misery, a place so named, overlooking the town, and many a miserable creature of that deplorable place is seen upon his knees in it, imbibing the enthusiasm and frantic doctrines of the *chosen few*, who roar and stare the ignorant into a belief of whatever they may please to say.

A ME-

A METHODIST SERMON,

VERSIFIED.

My sisters and brothers, who hither come crying,
Whose practice is nothing but swearing and lying,
Is it heav'n you seek?—your journey pursue,
You'll never get there—I'll be d——d if you do,
Unless you set off on the wings of Religion;
For Religion's a dove, and a dove is a pigeon:
Then daily come here, on your marrowbones fall;
Come hither to me, and I'll pigeon you all.
And if you would live,—if you never would die,
Say, what can support you like sweet charity?
On Charity's wings you'll fly up to heav'n,
I'll venture to lay you twelve groats to elev'n;
Then pull out your purses, and give to the poor,—
See, Peter stands starving to death at the door.
Ah! don't deny Peter, tho' Peter deny'd
His Master, whom once he in trouble espy'd;
He saw him surrounded in imminent danger,
Then told a great fib, and he called him a stranger.
There's never a one of you sure such a block,
But have heard of the story—the crow of the cock:
Ere crows the next cock, you will all deny me;
I know by your faces, I plainly can see.
I've not in the plate heard a penny yet fall;
Mark this!—you'll be damn'd, ev'ry *cock* of you all!

And can't you afford it,—have you no avocation?
Say, No:—ah! that No is a sweet palliation!
Why don't you contribute? or have you not any?
Had you rather be damn'd than part with a penny
You that are come with your faces so meek,
Who worſhip old Mammon the reſt of the week,
Some selling of one thing, or buying another,
By tricking, or lying, or cheating his brother,
Each makes up a purſe, then they come to this place,
All hoping to drink of the fountain of Grace.
You're all ſtrangers to faith, for you have not a jot;
And do you not find your poor tongues very hot?
Of faith, or of grace, not a drop left to cool ye,
Because you will let that old Belzebub rule ye;
But he that a penny to Peter ſhall pay
Shall have a whole bucket of faith every day.
He that feeds daily on conſerves and pickles,
And ev'ry hour his appetite tickles,
He little now thinketh, because he lives well,
What a pickle he'll be in, when burning in hell;
When bathing in brimſtone, as hot as a heater,
He'll then wiſh he'd given a penny to Peter.
Oh! oh! I now see that I've made you all ſnivel;
You don't like to hear of your old friend the Devil:
I've touch'd you then, have I?—I've touch'd to the quick!
You'd forgot, then, that cunning old ſoul-catcher, Nick.

You

You did not then think of his fiery lakes?
How he spreads out his nets, and what trouble he takes;
Like a bird-catcher sitting, conceal'd in a ditch,
As sly as a fox, and as foul as a witch;
Just like to that sorc'ress, that wicked offender,
You've often heard talk of,—the old witch of Endor.
But I'll be your Generalissimo,——aye,
All his nets and his brimstone I dare to defy.
This book is my shield, and my tongue is my spear,
Thus I'll send him away with a flea in his ear.

There are two other mounts in the same direction, one called Mount Ephraim, the other Mount Sion; but were you to ask why they are called so, it would be a difficult matter to learn. The houses upon these mounts are handsomely built and pleasantly situated, some of them the summer-residence of eminent families, others boarding or lodging-houses, for the same description of people.

East

East of the town, on the side of a rising hill, are very elegant villas, embowered with stately groves, forming a sufficient residence for people of the first fashion, something similar to the houses and groves in the upper part of Hampstead, near London. There are few accommodations for the middling kind of his Majesty's subjects here, except those in the lower town, which are intolerably bad and extravagantly dear: they are chiefly on the left hand, as you enter the Pantiles from the London road, parallel to the shops, or rather sheds, for there are few of them that are much larger than a good-sized stage-coach; most of these shops are miserably furnished, and poorly attended in respect to customers; and, though they lie in the low part of the old town,

town, yet the lodging-houses for people of a scanty fortune are still situated in a declivity from them, generally full of ragged noisy children; their back views are into a dirty brook, which divides the counties of Kent and Suſſex.

Here, if you should wish to look out, in order to regale yourself with the breathings of the morning air, your ears are perpetually annoyed with the grunting of pigs, and your nose with the essence of their sties.

Every article of life is uncommonly dear, and there is a difficulty of getting your food dressed, unless you should take up your quarters in an inn, and there your head is made to ache, and your pocket lightened, in the space

of four-and-twenty hours; and it is a doubt if, by that time, you do not begin to contemplate a retreat, for the sake of your peace, and a respect to your purse.

There are two libraries, one at each end of the Promenade; that near the pump is very small, but neat; the other is a long slip, of about four feet deep, exposed to the open air, without a window,—something like to the front of a fishmonger's shop in London.

The rides about the Wells are more pleasant than numerous; that to Beyham-abbey is well diversified with rural objects: it is about seven miles from the Wells, standing in an extensive and beautiful meadow, skirted round

round with woods, many of which have walks cut through them, and enchanting labyrinths, with here and there a seat in the shade, which has been erected for an hospitable purpose, to accommodate the weary traveller, whose curiosity might have led him that distance in order to gratify his eyes with so voluptuous a scene.

The ruins are the most picturesque, and kept in the best state and perfection of any romantic pile of that description in England. They are lofty, and from what is left of them, which is very considerable, there is a display of much Gothic elegance. The stately aîles, where once the holy priests their slow processions led, and veiled virgins, in seraphic strains, have sung their pious orgies to their Maker's praise,

praise, are now unroofed; the marble pavement is gone, and in its stead a level mossy walk, while up the walls the creeping ivy climbs, and various flowers adorn the important base. The only occupants are now the blinking owl and fluttering bat.

Along the meadows, and before the family-house, which is inhabited by part of the Camden family, meandring, runs a wide and clear refreshing stream, adding greatly to the tranquil scene. The whole of these delectable domains belong to the above family. In the winter, when all the rest of the feathered tribe are silent grown, the robin red-breast, on some jutty of this ancient pile, will often perch, and sing his Christmas carrol to the jolly rustic, huddled round his fire,

fire, and drinking down his horn of wholesome ale.

One summer's evening, when I had been for many hours gratifying myself with exploring these sweet romantic scenes, I sat me down on the root of an old tree, and wrote the following lines:

Ye that groan beneath the weight
Of dissipation, pride, and state,
Condemn'd to walk through life's parade,
At rout, or drum, or masquerade;
Ye that fain would pleasure find,
Led by fortune, ever blind,
Come, and sit along with me;
Come, and taste tranquillity.

Or, if chac'd by sallow Care,
Would you shun the hag Despair;
Would you cheerful health restore
When *advice* can do no more;
Seek the fresh reviving breeze,
Or the fanning of the trees;
Come, and sit along with me;
Come, and taste tranquillity.

Ye

Ye that feel the pangs of love,
Come, and murmur with the dove;
Shun the false ungrateful maid,
Seek the sweet sequester'd shade;
Let her ne'er behold thy grief,
Time ere long will bring relief.
Come, and sit along with me;
Come, and taste tranquillity.

Ye that languish to regain
A breaking heart, or racking brain,
Driv'n, by fortune or by fate,
To a wild or frantic state;
Or, moping, wander like a loon,
Dreading oft the wayward moon;
Come, and sit along with me,
Come, and taste tranquillity.

Tunbridge-Wells are thirty-five miles from London, lying partly in Kent and partly in Suſſex; the post-towns are Bromley, Sevenoaks, and Tunbridge-town.

BRIGHTON,
OR
BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

BRIGHTON has less diversity than Margate, and less tranquillity than Tunbridge-Wells, but I believe it is visited by more nobility than either of the foregoing places. This may proceed from the Heir Apparent making it his summer residence, for the eagles and the hawks for ever gather round the highest rocks.

Brighton is like a beggar's coat, which, as he grows *fat*, by being too well fed by his neighbours, becomes too little for him; so that, in order to

to make it fit the better, he sometimes finds occasion to let it out, and patches it with different cloths, which being mostly new, disgraces the old. It was formerly an insignificant fishing town; the natives were merely amphibious, and to this day they retain much of their original quality.

There is nothing here to arrest the traveller's attention but the Prince's pavillion, which is more a temporary conveniency for the summer than a splendid object of admiration.

The houses in general are alternately high and low, new and old, handsome and ugly, through the town. There is a baldness in the whole, and nothing to relieve the eye, take it in whatsoever point of view you may.

The

The sea presents one continued sameness, divested of the almost-perpetual moving scene which shews itself to the spectator at Margate, from the multiplicity of shipping, of all descriptions, sailing so near the shore, to and from the Downs, and to different parts of the coast. At Brighton you have only a few fishing boats, or now and then a vessel of consequence will present itself to you in the Offing, at four or five leagues distance, which is descried only by the aid of a telescope, and then you scarcely are able to ascertain her rate or burthen, or to what kingdom she belongs.

The water is strongly impregnated with the particles of salt, very pure and clear, but it is often comfortless, and sometimes dangerous to the bather;

ther; nor can he at all times indulge himself with a dip, the shore running so shallow, and the waves so high, that, should a north-west wind blow briskly in, which is often the case, he is obliged to relinquish all idea of bathing, or, should he even be standing upon the beach or cliff, he will find it necessary sometimes to retreat.

The Stayne was once a pleasant lounge enough, before it was encircled with houses, and had a view of the hills and corn-fields contiguous to it, but now it is confined, the air impeded, and the rural effect it once possessed is lost.

There is a nuisance which ought long ago to have been removed, from a proper respect due to the elegant society

ciety that visit here, especially as that society has ever been considered the support of the whole neighbourhood; this nuisance is the fishing-nets, which are daily spread from one end of the Stayne to the other, so that the company, while walking, are frequently tripped up by entangling their feet; and, if any of the barbarians to whom the nets belong should be standing by, you are sure to be reprobated and insulted for what you cannot avoid.

But this, they pretend to say, is a *privilege* which they possess; if it be so, it is a shame that they do not relinquish it, in order to make the only promenade they have more agreeable to their best friends; who, if they were to desert the place, from being too frequently annoyed, might leave

to

to the inhabitants the advantage of enjoying their *privileges*, and going *without bread* at the same time.

The fellows who persist in this *privilege*, as they call it, seem to possess it more from the principle of audacity than justice or necessity; for, were they to take their nets to a piece of ground which lies about two hundred yards from the Stayne, the evil would be removed; but there seems to be a brutal obstinacy in their tempers, and an idleness in their habits, which prevent them from shewing one particle of gratitude even to those to whom they owe their whole existence.

Should you ride out, you have little shade; the only places in this neighbourhood

bourhood that are adorned with a tree more than ten feet high are Preston and Whiting, two villages which lie in a dale; the first is one, and the other two miles, lying behind the town, on the road to Shoreham. The rest of the rides are chiefly over the Downs to the Devil's Dyke, to Lewes, to Ratten, or *Rotten-dean*.

The latter of these places is on the sea-side, four miles east of Brighton. They have two or three machines there, and lodging-houses, and many make it their bathing place, but it is a poor, ragged, unpleasant village, divested of almost every conveniency, void of society, and only fit for the valetudinarian.

Brighton has two libraries, neither of them splendid, but well situated, where there is ever more talking than reading, unless it be the newspaper, and that is frequently seized with as much avidity as if you were playing at the game of snapdragon.

The market here is not very well supplied, and there is generally a great paucity of provisions, which, in point of price, run extravagantly high. Fruit is very scarce and very dear, like the lodgings; and, if any body should have an advantage, in respect to *marketing*, it is the native inhabitants, who make a tolerable *market* of the London *gulls*, which go down to visit their coast.

They

They have a theatre here in a good situation, and not badly built. The performers, like all others forming these kind of companies, are possessed of very moderate talents. Now and then a star of superior lustre and magnitude to the common twinklers in the theatrical hemisphere will stroll from the capital, and draw a few people together for a night or two, but it is rarely that they do more.

But Brighton is not a place for encouraging amusements of this kind; the tragic or the comic Muse, or their midwives, the players, who bring their bantlings to light, have little attraction here. The chequered dies of Mercury, and the midnight revels of the deluding Venus, engage the kind of company that frequent this place.

Many

Many do it from propensity, others from fashion and imitation, and they are seldom at a loss for an *example*.

The Assembly-room is capacious, elegant, and well situated; the lustres are uncommonly brilliant, and the ornamental fancies judiciously conceived. On viewing the external part of this room, the mind becomes prejudiced, until you explore its interior beauties; for, from an outside view, it presents to the eye an unfavourable aspect, like that of a well-looking barn, ornamented with a set of handsome windows.

The equinoctial winds, when they blow high from a north-west point, produce a tremendous and formidable sea; so that many of the houses on

on the cliff have been often considered in danger from the waves, which will sometimes overtop them, and distribute the spray of the ocean all over the Stayne.

Brighton is in the county of Sussex. There are two roads to it, and the post-towns from London are Epsom, Darking, Horsham, Steyning, and so on to Brighton. This road is sixty miles.

The other road is through Sutton, Riegate, Crawley, and Cuckfield.—This to Brighton is only fifty-two miles and a half.

While a visitor at Brighton, I was intreated by a friend at Bath, who had heard much of its beauties, to give him a true

true idea of it in rhyme; accordingly I sent him the following verses.

You say you fain would wish to hear
What great inducements we have here,
That coaxes all our courtiers down,
And half depopulates the town;
Like Bath, you think our streets are fine,
Our squares and crescents all divine;
You think our hills and vales produce
The pomegranate, or nectar juice:
In rhyme you wish me to relate
The wonders of its present state.
Tho you're a critic, yet I'll try
To give it you in poetry.

This town, or village of renown,
Like London-Bridge, half broken down,
Few years ago was worse than Wapping,
Scarce fit for human soul to stop in,
But now, like to a worn-out shoe,
By patching well, the place will do.
You'd wonder much, I'm sure, to see
How 'tis becramm'd with quality:

Here

Here Lords and Ladies oft carouse
Together in a tiny house;
Like Joan and Darby in their cot,
With stool and table, spit and pot;
And what in town they would despise,
His Lordship praises to the skies;
But such the *ton* is, such the case,
You'll see the first of rank and place,
Step from his carriage all profuse,
Duck at his door-way like a goose:
The humble beam was fix'd so low,
Perhaps, to teach some clown to bow.

The air is pure as pure can be,
And such an aspect of the sea!
As you, perhaps, ne'er saw before,
From off the cliff of any shore:
On one hand Ceres spreads the plain,
And on the other, o'er the main
A bark majestic sometimes laves,
Far distant on the buoyant waves;
The hills all mantl'd o'er with green,
A friendly shelter to the Stayne,
Whene'er the rugged Boreas blows,
Array'd in hyperborean snows,
Such is the place and situation;
Such is the reigning seat of fashion.

LITTLE HAMPTON.

LITTLE HAMPTON is a small bathing place, twenty five miles on the Sussex coast, West of Brighthelmstone; four miles from Arundel, and fifty nine from London; there are a few small lodging houses erected here, and a machine or two; the houses are at a considerable distance from the sea, as if the builders were aware of their being washed away some time or other by the turbulent tides, and it seems to be no improper caution.

There is but one house of public refreshment, and that is built upon a kind of sand-bank, approaching so near

near the water's side, that many have been apprehensive, lest the tides should make an unmannerly attack, and the bearded Neptune break into their room while they were enjoying themselves over their meal.

It seems to be an unpleasant kind of place, fit only to inspire melancholy in a contemplative mind; but to a dull indifferent being, blessed with apathy, or one that can gratify himself over his glass of grog, his pipe of tobacco, or his mug of ale, it may do well enough, as he may stupify himself with the one, and go to sleep over the other, without interruption.

BOGNAR.

BOGNAR is another, and the last new established watering place on the Sussex coast, seventy two miles west of Little Hampton, by the way of Arundel and Chichester; it lies seven miles south of the last mentioned city, and seventy from London, through Guildford, Godalmin, and Midhurst.

This is an extensive village of brick-built palaces, newly erected, but little inhabited; a favourite speculation of Sir Richard Hotham's. It is a desirable spot, and like a well compiled newspaper, in lack of customers, is only wanting to be read; so Bognar is only wanting to be seen; there is a good hotel and small assembly-room near

near the ocean, which presents itself to you with the same kind of aspect as when you are at Brighton.

It appears at present merely calculated for the superior sort of society, and as there is often a peculiar shyness in them from pride, in respect to rank and etiquette, they seldom associate, or are they seen together; the want of which makes it appear for ever desolate, and throws a shade of melancholy over the whole neighbourhood.

Were there a few humbler habitations built for a middling race of his Majesty's subjects, it might be a consideration worth attending to. It would add life to the scene, by furnishing it with moving objects; whereas, those which are there at present, whether

ther it be from pride, or as if they were ashamed to be looked at, sit brooding in their chambers at home all day, or, if they venture abroad, they huddle and curtain themselves up invisibly in their carriages.

SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON is an incorporated town, and may be said to be situated in the garden of Hampshire. Its approach from Winchester is unparalled by any other town or city in England; it is handsomely built, the streets well paved and flagged, of no inconsiderable extent, of great antiquity, and generally appears very lively from its internal trade and navigation. The environs

environs are beautiful, and the rides about it numerous.

The Assembly-room is handsome, but inferior to those of Brighthelmstone and Margate, yet it is pleasantly situated in respect to its view to the water, the New Forest, and the Isle of Wight; but its approach is entangled with little zig-zag streets, and to those in carriages, in the night, it is sometimes dangerous; the rooms are in the hands of a very respectable man, and it is a pity there could not be contrived a more agreeable access.

There is a Theatre also, a small one, which is generally better attended than those at any other summer watering-place. It has been in the hands of its present proprietors many years,

who have carried it on with that level uniformity, which has got them the confidence of the company who yearly visit Southampton. Baker's Library is in the centre of High-Street, well furnished with books, and well attended by customers; himself as well as family, who preside in the Library, are more intelligent, attentive, and obliging, than most that you will meet with in that profession.

There is an excellent market well supplied, but in the watering season every article of life is extremely dear; although well furnished with fish, yet they keep up the price so shamefully high, that none but those who are possessed of good fortunes can gratify themselves with a dish of it, without its going against

against their stomach by thinking of the price while they are making a meal.

The bathing here is safe, and the mode decent, in the manner of a cold bath, built close to the water's edge, which is filled and emptied every tide; but there are no machines.

The Polygon is composed of eight very noble and elegant built houses, at an equal but convenient distance from each other, forming a rotundity. It is about a quarter of a mile's distance from the town; stands high, and so contrived, that every house has a variety of prospect.

The favorite ride is to Netley-Abbey and its neighbourhood, being about two miles and a half from Southamp-

ton

ton, standing near the beach of the same arm of sea which runs up to Southampton. The ruins are ancient, venerable, and extensive, and form so picturesque a scene, that many gentlemen of the pencil have exercised their talents by taking a copy, and published it to the world.

Some years ago, being excited to ramble from Southampton to this mouldering pile alone, where contemplation full many an hour battens on the solemnity of the scene, ruminating on its present and its former state, I left it, and wandered towards the sea, where I perceived a single sailor, with seemingly an agitated mind; his arms were folded, while he walked impatiently to and from a large bason of water which had been left by the tide; sometimes he would

would look into it significantly, and sigh, then turn away from it again beating his forehead with an uncommon emotion; by his manner, conceiving him in distress, my apprehensions were such, as led me to an idea there could be no impropriety in my addressing myself to him, lest his mind should be driven to that state of despair which might excite him to commit some act of violence upon himself.

On my accosting him, he soon made me acquainted with his disorder, by giving me to understand, that he came from Southampton, and had been in the neighbourhood of Netley-Abbey, in quest of a man who had borrowed some money of him some time ago, and (pointing to the house) said, he could not

not find him at home; that he was under the necessity of being at Cowes in the Isle of Wight, or that he should be disgraced, by not going on board the vessel he belonged to according to his appointed time; that he had spent all the little money he brought in his pocket from Cowes at a public house in Southampton, where he had been some days; that they retained his *duds*, as he called them, which he afterward gave me to understand were his clothes, and had turned him out of his quarters, after he had spent his last penny in the house, in a most ungrateful manner and with much shameful abuse; said that he only owed them sixteen pence halfpenny, and that was the reason why they had stopped his *duds*; that the man he came in quest of had borrowed two shillings of him,

but

but that he was gone to the Lord knows where.

He told his story with such earnestness, with such simplicity, and apparent truth, that I presented him with half a crown; he then looked in my face with a degree of astonishment, and with an enquiring countenance, said, "Do you know me?" I assured him that I did not; "Not know me!" replied he again, "and give me half a crown! why I never met with such a thing in all my life: what could you see in my face to do me such a favour as this." I told him he was a poor sailor, seemingly in distress, that had buffeted the billows in tempestuous nights, when such people as me were sleeping safe in their beds on shore; and that it was by

by such men as him, that our coast was safely guarded from the common enemy;—then, with tears rising into his eyes, he cry'd, "God bless ye, give a poor man your hand, and believe me when I tell you, that, were you at sea with me in an engagement, and that I could see a ball making towards you, to do you a mischief, d—n my heart if this hand which you have relieved should not stop it, or lose its place." He then gave me such a hearty gripe by the hand, as to almost make my fingers crack, and took his leave, bestowing many blessings on me, and saying, "I'll now go to master Burley-face, my landlord, pack up my poor *duds*, and give the old heathen a Rowland for his Oliver."

This

This incident pressed so strongly on my mind, that, when I returned to my friends, who were at the Star Inn, Southampton, I told them of the scene in question; and, while they were playing a game at draughts, sat myself down, and wrote the following song.

Should it possess any degree of merit, that merit is due to me who wrote it, and I should not have been led to this comment, had not public report frequently bestowed that merit upon another man, who does not deserve it; whose trade is only writing songs in bad English, and singing them with a worse voice. Is it to be supposed that there is only one man in the world that can write a song? it might as well be thought, that there

was no other river that produced fish but the Thames.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gained in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal or my honored scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me,
And when I cou'd nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
So pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store!

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd, by far, than my mind,
For, when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me!

Southampton is in Hampshire, seventy-five miles south-west of the capital. The post towns are Brentford, Staines, Bagshot, Farnham, Alton, Alresford, Winchester, and Southampton. Winchester is well worth the attention of the antiquarian; it is twelve miles from Southampton; many make it a morning's ride, in order to explore that venerable city, and generally find themselves amply compensated for their trouble.

LYM-

LYMINGTON.

LYMINGTON is about twenty miles west of Southampton, by Redbridge and Lindhurst, lying in the New Forest. It is a *little* incorporated town, with a *little* body, and a *little* town-hall, which is made use of to *little* purpose; but should the company who go there to bathe wish to make use of it for a ball or a concert, this *little* corporation, like the dog in the manger, generally makes a *great* deal of fuss about it. The ride from Southampton to Lymington is over as good a piece of road, and through as pleasant a part of the country, as any in England, which is a stronger incen-

incentive to the visitors of Lymington than any thing else; and from the little time they stay there, it appears to be the only one, for they seem to go back as soon as they can, in order that they may have the opportunity of going the same piece of ground over again.

The baths are nearly a mile out of the town, through a ragged neighbourhood and a wretched road; and, when you get there, the manner of bathing is the most uncomfortable, and the water less salutary than it should be, from being mixed with the freshes and the springs that incorporate themselves with the sea-water.

WEYMOUTH.

This royal watering place has nothing to recommend it, but its conveniency in respect to bathing; no ride, no object, but that sterile rock the Isle of Portland; no walk but the Esplanade, which has no variety in point of view, but is one straight line of rubbish, thrown up from the level as a kind of barrier, to prevent the town from being overwhelmed by a more than ordinary tide.

Gloucester-Lodge, where the Royal Family reside, is before you enter the town, nearly in the front of the bay. The hotel is on a line with the Lodge, and has a small assembly-room, which

is conveniently situated for a place of that kind, but a man must be very well situated, in respect to *circumstances*, who wishes to make it his home. The person who keeps it was for many years the master of the Bedford Arms, in Covent-garden, in London, a house that has been of great *notoriety*, time out of mind. *Venerum excitatus.*

The inhabitants devise different ways to amuse and accommodate his Majesty; one furnishes a splendid library, not only with a superabundance of books, but with all the trinkets of Bond or Cockspur Streets; over which he builds a spacious room, purposely for a *sovereign-lounge*, or for secret councils; but this over-ardent zealot, being "too civil by half," has unfortunately

tunately been obliged to *lounge* off to another part of the kingdom, without being thanked for his pains, and with this reflection at his heels,---"Who is to blame?"

Another has built a magnificent bath, at the expence of five hundred pounds, on the plan of royal accommodation likewise; but this has also proved a wrong speculation; for the Sovereign complimented the builder with taking a single *dip*, gave him five guineas, told him the water was not sufficiently impregnated with the *sal mare*, which is generally believed to be the case; therefore the projector, like an injudicious tailor, who officiously wishes to furnish a gentleman with a new coat, of a peculiar and fashionable cut, without paying a proper

per attention to the quality of the cloth, has met with the mortification of having it returned upon his hands. This circumstance, no doubt, has set a whispering censure on foot, in respect to his Majesty not making a general use of the bath, as the projector had signified, that it was built for a royal purpose; but the truth is, he was never consulted in the business, and if he had, would certainly have made himself master of the defects, and told the man to have spared himself the trouble, and to have kept his money in his pocket.

When the Royal Family make their first entrance into Weymouth, every summer season, the inhabitants, out of compliment, cover the pavement with small pebbles from the sea shore, which

which has generally the effect of endangering your eyes, or breaking the parlour-windows of all the houses in the street; for, as the party is mostly numerous, and the horses driven along at a furious pace, their hoofs, tipping the pebbles before them, make them fly as thick as hail, and as sharp almost as a small bullet shot from a pistol.

Yet, notwithstanding all the apparent zeal of the natives of Weymouth, one would think they in reality did not care a *straw* for the royal visitors; otherwise, these Gothamites, if they truly wished to make their Sovereign's entrance easy, would have bestowed a bundle or two of the above commodity for the sake of his family, their friends' eyes, their neighbours' windows,

dows, and the general safety of his Majesty's subjects. Being thrown into this situation once myself, with my head uncovered like an obedient subject, I was under the necessity of turning my back upon my betters, for the sake of saving my face; it was at a time when I had an idea of addressing his Majesty in respect to my father being the author of "God save Great George our King." I had no evil in my mind like Macbeth, yet

——————"the very stones
"Seem'd to prate at my where about;"

for they rose from the pavement in such vollies, and pelted me hip and thigh at such a rate, that I could not help bringing to mind that passage in the Scriptures where it is said,

"I asked for bread, and he gave me a stone!"

As

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"I asked for bread, and he gave me a stone!"

As it has been whispered abroad, nay even given in print, that an annuity of two hundred pounds per annum had been bestowed on me, in consequence of my father being the author of "God save Great George our King," I think it a duty incumbent on me to acquaint the world, that no such consideration has ever yet transpired; yet I must beg that my readers will give me leave to introduce a few lines on this subject.

In spite of all literary cavil and conjectural assertions, there has not yet appeared one *identity* to invalidate the truth of my father's being the author of the above important song; some have given the music to Handel, others to Purcell; some have signified that it was produced in the time of Charles I.

others

others in James I. and some in their slumbers have dreamed that it made its appearance in the reign of Henry VIII. it might as well have been carried still further back, to the wicked reign of Saul, or the wiser one of song-singing Solomon, the son of David.

I have heard the late Mr. Pearce Galliard, an able Counsellor in the law, and a colleague of my father's, who died some years ago at Southampton, assert, time after time, that my father was the author of God save the King; that it was produced in the year forty-five and six; another friend presented it to me in its original state, bound up with a collection of songs for two and three voices, set to music by Mr. Handel, Dr. Blow, Mr. Leveridge, Dr. Greene, Mr. Eccles, Mr.

Lampe, Daniel Purcell, Mr. Corfe, and Henry Carey; printed in the year 1750, for John Johnson, opposite Bow Church, in Cheapside; it precedes another song of my father's, beginning with

"He comes, he comes, the Hero comes,
"Sound, sound your trumpets, beat your drums," &c.

but, for the satisfaction of my readers, I will insert the song of God save great George our King, as it is printed in the original text, where it is called a song for two voices, and runs thus:

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord

II.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knaviſh tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

III.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To ſing, with heart and voice,
God save the King.

IV.

Lord grant that MARSHAL WADE
May, by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring;
May he ſedition huſh,
And like a torrent ruſh,
Rebellious Scots to cruſh,
God save the King.

Every

Every one who has read the history of the Scotch rebellion, in 1745, will remember that MARSHAL WADE was a commander of great and eminent ability, employed by our government to repel the factious spirit of the Caledonians who were hostile to this country at that time, and invaded many of the northern parts of this island.

The following letter of the ingenious Dr. Harington, of Bath, strongly corroborates the authenticity of my father's being the author of the song in question: hearing that he was in possession of this piece of information, I intreated him to make it known to me, which he politely and readily acquiesced in, saying,

SIR,

SIR,

The anecdote you mention, respecting your father being the author and composer of the words and melody of "God save great George our King," is certainly true; that most respectable gentleman Mr. Smith, my worthy friend and patient, has often told me what follows, viz. "That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which Mr. Smith told him was not proper, and at your father's request he wrote down another in correct harmony."--Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, the 13th of June, repeated the same again. His advanced age and present infirmity render him incapable of writing or desiring to be written to, but on his authority I pledge myself for

the truth. Should this information prove in the least advantageous to yourself, it will afford the most sincere satisfaction and pleasure to,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

W. HARINGTON.

Bath, June 13th, 1795.

P. S. My curiosity was often raised to enquire after the author before Mr. Smith related the above, and I was often misinformed. Mr. Smith says he understood your father intended this air as part of a birth-day ode, or somewhat of that kind; however this might be, no Laureat nor composer has furnished the world with any production more complimentary or more popular, which must ever be the consequence of concise elegance and natural simplicity.

This

This Mr. *John* Smith was friend and assistant to Mr. Handel many years.

Surely the foregoing letter wears the complexion of truth, and yet, either from envy or rigid scepticism, it has been held out by many as a matter of doubt, without one feasible authority or circumstantial argument that could render it so.

However, many of my friends being convinced of the infallibility of Dr. Harington's letter, and referring to the material and provident aid the song had often yielded to the King and State in every critical situation, when lurking sedition had caused loud and dangerous murmurs to be daily heard in every house and every street, threat-

threatening defiance to the sword of Justice and her wise established laws, spurning at Majesty on his road to meet his mob-insulted senate, or annoying him in his public pleasures; yet, has the wavering subject been often called back to his original duty to his King, and the harsh and clamorous voice of anarchy lulled into a calm, by this divine, this popular and national hymn.

Reflecting on its utility, without assuming a claim, I thought there could be no harm in endeavouring, through some medium or other, to make myself known at Windsor, as son of the author of "God save great George our King;" and as great families create *great* wants, it is natural to wish for some *little* relief; accordingly,

cordingly, I was advised to beg the interference of Dr. ——, residing not far from the Castle, and who is for ever seen bowing and scraping in the King's walks, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the Sovereign, thinking it was not improbable but that some consideration might have taken place, and some little compliment bestowed on the offspring of one "who had done the state some service;" but, alas! no sooner did I move the business with the greatest humility to this demi-*Canon*, but he opened his mouth as wide as a four-and-twenty pounder, bursting as loudly upon me as the largest piece of ordnance, with his chin cocked up like the little centre figure, with his cauliflower wig in Bunbury's country club, exclaim-

exclaiming, "Sir, I do not see, be-
"cause your father wrote the song of
"God save the King, that the King
"is under any obligation to his son."
I could have said, knowing him to be a man of the church, had he not been in his own house, that private as well as public obligations were hereditary, and ought never to be forgotten; and, where there is a propinquity of blood, it should not be suffered to rest lingering in the veins for want of that physical assistance, *gratitude*.——
Surely no one will say that there is any thing unchristian-like in this mode of arguing; I am convinced there is justice in it, and there is much justice in religion; they are engrafted and grow from the same stock. In respect to myself, I may have

have by and by to say, like Cardinal Wolsey, that

" I am weary and old, left to the mercy
" Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me ;"

yet at the day of retribution, the gates of mercy may be as freely thrown aside to me as those that are canopied, stalled, and pampered up in a golden litter, battening on the fattest fodder, or harnessed in all the costly trappings of a priest, who now and then may stay his *impatient* hour, and saddle the state with an incumbency of fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds per annum, for sitting dummy in a Cathedral.

I am convinced, had my plea been fairly stated at the Queen's Lodge, I should have had a *princely* answer; but the

the royal door perhaps, like Jaffier's, was "damm'd up," not with "starving creditors," but clamorous petitioners, backed with such irresistible influence, that there was nothing to be done for me; such as great men's butlers, valets, footmen, and coachmen, and an infinity of waiting and chamber maids, with whom their noble masters and mistresses had run in debt from year to year, to a considerable amount, therefore were under the necessity of throwing them on the public by thrusting them into the treasury, the war-office, the customs, &c. many of whom, doubtless, had been for some time at their evening schools from lack of education, or so long at *cross* purposes and the habit of making a *mark*, that it was found necessary in order that they might

might be endowed with the ability of signing their *names*, and when they had the honor of being uſhered into a place of four or five hundred a year, they might do it legibly. Nay, even pimps and panders might have been on the list, who had followed their libidinous lords through every scene of debauchery and extravagance, from the days of puberty to those of listless imbecility.

But Kings, like clowns, have played at blindman's buff ere now, and, like fortune, indiscriminately held out their hands to every lout that chance has *pushed* into their way.

Notwithstanding all impediments, ſhould justice for ever wink and fortune turn her back, die when I may, I will die with my old family-princi-

ples, which are *to adore my God, honor my King, revere my Country, and admire the Constitution.*

Weymouth and Melcomb Regis are so contiguous to each other as to be only divided by a narrow river, and are often considered as one place, but neither of the towns are of much consequence in respect to buildings, situation, or wealth. There is no public place of refreshment, but the great hotel, that is worth notice, or where you get attention.

Should you visit the Isle of Portland, which lies about two miles from Weymouth, you may meet with some gratification, but not without much fatigue; and, when you have ascended about a mile into this island, you will be

be surprised to meet with a neat and not inelegant hotel, well supplied with every comfortable article for the table. The inhabitants of this *rock* look wholesome and generally clean; the men robust, the women fair and stout; their children often beautiful. They have peculiar customs of their own, live peaceably with each other, and not being subject to all the laws that the rest of the kingdom is, perhaps this may be the principal reason of their living in such an envied state of tranquillity.

It is reported of them by the people of Weymouth, that the men and women marry only among themselves; that they are bedded first; but, if in a certain time no fruitful signs should happen to appear in the woman, they part,

part, and both look out for another mate.

There is a well-built new church situated on the highest part, and in the centre of the island, and a vast number of neat grave stones, with a great variety of whimsical and affectionate epitaphs.

It is worthy observation, that the stones which are blown up by the miners on the very summit of the rock, (much higher from its extensive base than the cross of St. Paul's in the city of London) is from the foundation of the church, yet those very stones are impregnated with thousands of shells of various shapes and sizes.

There

There is a theatre in Weymouth, which is frequently honoured with the attendance of the Royal family; the performers are generally of a moderate description, only fit to make the audience laugh, by putting nature out of joint; but, when the manager is disposed to touch the royal heart to the QUICK, he sends for a certain old favorite from Covent-Garden, who, by cocking up his leg like a pantaloon toy, or by grunting like a pig, the whole house is thrown into convulsions, almost so great as to bring on an apoplexy in the *greater* part of the audience.

The theatre is on a *contracted* scale, built in the shape of a wig-box, and not much wider; this *thing* (for it is difficult to give it a name) is *managed*

by one of the principal proprietors of Sadler's Wells.

Weymouth is in Dorsetshire, one hundred and thirty miles from London; the post-towns are Brentford, Staines, Bagshot, Basingstoke, Whitchurch, Andover, Salisbury, Blandford, Dorchester, and so on to Weymouth. When the traveller arrives at Salisbury, it is worth his while to make a halt, in order to take a survey of the most splendid Gothic cathedral in England; the close in which it stands is the most extensive, kept in better order, and is more attractive in respect to its shaded and well gravelled walks than is to be seen encircling any other structure of the kind in his Majesty's dominions. Many similar buildings in London, as well as

as in the country, are too often hid or huddled up and obtruded upon by insignificant and contemptible houses, that prevent the spectator from taking a proper survey of the whole, and take greatly away from the wished for effect.

Although not the beſt built, yet there is not a town or provincial city in England that has such capabilities about it as Salisbury; the streets are laid out in regular angles, wide and strait, the ground level, and they open every way, like those in the parish of Marybone, in London, all terminating with a view into the adjacent country, which renders it airy, and of course healthy; the whole is nearly square, and the market-place is extensive, neat, and handsome, and so judiciously

ly concentrated, that it stands contiguous to every habitation. There is no where to be seen a market-place situated to such an advantage, where five or six wide streets open to it as inlets to the country-people from every quarter; and where no narrow lanes are seen with crooked, sharp, and dangerous turnings, which often endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects; such as are to be found in Norwich, Coventry, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Cambridge, and many other towns throughout the kingdom, all very deficient in respect to conveniency.

The New Town-hall, erected by Lord Radnor, is a stately edifice, built with stone, and is a great ornament to the city. The canals, perpetually running through almost every street, pure,

pure, clear, and rapid streams, are of peculiar advantage to the inhabitants, who have always at hand that useful necessary of life to keep their houses clean, or to carry away the dirt that consequently muſt be made in washing them.

BATH.

We now come to one of the most splendid cities, for the size of it, that we have to boast of. It is difficult to begin, or to point out, the numerous beauties and elegancies of this place.

The whole city is built with a cream coloured stone; the architect and the mason

mason have equally here exercised their talents and indulged their fancies for thirty years past, and have spread it over so much ground, that, could its former inhabitants rise from their silent dormitories, they would lift up their eyes and hold up their hands with wonder.

The squares, the Circus, the great Crescent, and the minor ones, which are numerous, are of that magnitude and beauty as at once to delight and astonish the beholder.

The new streets are commodiously wide, and of vast extent; Great Pulteney-street, lately built on the east side of Avon-bridge, is, perhaps, except Portland-place, in London, not to be equalled in Christendom; this spacious

spacious street commences and concludes with a Crescent, which adds to its splendor. It has the advantage of Portland-place, in as much as it is built with beautiful stone, and the different orders of architecture, which have been uniformly observed through the whole street, give it that magnificent effect, which almost rivals every thing we have to boast of in respect to buildings.

The new Pump-room, and the new street which faces it, form a beautiful picture, displaying on each side an elegant colonnade of considerable length, leading down to the different baths. The Pump-room in question is not only an elegant but a stately structure, and, for the purpose to which

which it is appropriated, not to be equalled any where.

The lower assembly-rooms are handsome, commodious, and capacious, but the upper ones surpass every thing of that kind in any town or city in the three kingdoms.

The theatre is handsome, and its size properly adapted to the place, but is fixed in a bad situation, inconvenient to the greater part of the inhabitants, and incommodious in regard to its approach; it is said to be the best conducted theatre in England, and has furnished the Capital with some of its most eminent performers.

There is greater decorum and order observed in Bath than in any other place;

place; the markets are the best supplied and conducted of any we can refer to, being regulated by the Mayor and Corporation, as well as the different apartments, which are let at a stipulated price; half a guinea each room, no more nor less, even in the very best lodging-houses. Having a colliary about eight miles from the city, they are well supplied with coals. From the advantage of the Somersetshire Avon, a navigable river, running through the bottom of the city, and passing the mines, they are not only the more easily conveyed, but consequently rendered more moderate in respect to price.

The cathedral is in the centre of the city, a grand Gothic structure, and

presents a fine effect in point of object to the whole.

The town-hall is also a magnificent pile, built with peculiar taste, something similar to the Vatican at Rome, standing in an advantageous situation, and not far from the cathedral.

The waters here have, undoubtedly, been of the most salutary effect in gouty as well as bilious cases; we have perpetual instances of their rendering great relief to both.

Bath is as well paved, flagged, and lighted, as London, and has most of the pleasurable advantages of that great and extensive city, within a much less compass. It lies in a dale, surrounded by high hills, decorated with hanging woods.

woods. Prior Park, and its embellishments, form a pleasing scene for the rambling eye, while you are walking over the parades, or passing along Great Pulteney-street.

There are very few walks of consequence in the vicinity of Bath, nor are there any rides but Landsdowne, and then you have to surmount a summit, along the common road, of nearly two miles high. The Downs, being very bleak and cold in the winter from their eminent situation, and hot in the summer from the chalky soil and want of shade, render them no very desirable retreat for relaxation or exercise at any season of the year. The only walk is that newly made, continuing from the lower end of Great Pulteney-street, which adds greatly to its

its effect; but being one straight line, upon an ascent, brings to mind the saying of

"The King of France, and twenty thousand men,
"Went up a hill, and then came down again."

This is no reproach on the spirit or taste of the people, who have made Bath one of the most splendid cities for its size in Europe, but from its situation, not having sufficient level meadow-land to admit of an opportunity of displaying their taste, by embellishing their city with every ornament, in respect to sight and accommodations, to the gratification of their visitors. However, they have taken care, when we speak of it as a winter residence, to make it a most enviable retreat.

The

The city of Bath is in Somersetshire, one hundred and eight miles from London; the market or post towns through which you pass are Brentford, Colnbrook, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, Devizes, Melksham, and so on to Bath.

The inns which lie between London and Bath, in point of grandeur or elegance, surpass every thing of the kind, perhaps, in the known world. The castle at Marlborough, and its appurtenances, comprise a palace fit to accommodate the first monarch in Europe.

THE HOT WELLS

Are two miles from the city of Bristol, and fourteen from Bath. They are

in a vale, through which the Avon continues its course, and forms a conjunction with the Severn, which divides the English and the Welsh coasts, and makes its way into the Bristol Channel.

In getting to this place from Bath, you are under the necessity of running through a kind of gauntlet, by going from one end to the other, of one of the largest, noisiest, and most bustling cities, except London, in England. But, when you arrive at the Wells, the scene becomes calm, and not unpleasant; there are two sets of assembly-rooms, which are made use of alternately. Lodgings are remarkably dear, and so are all kind of provisions, the more to be wondered at, when we consider it is near so capital a city as Bristol,

Bristol, which lies in a very plentiful country, and the markets supplied abundantly with all the comforts of the earth.

The waters are rather warm, and have a soft milky taste, said to be of great effect in respect to disordered stomachs and consumptive habits; many a melancholy object of the last description are too frequently seen here, buoyed up with hopes of relief, but display evident symptoms to the pitying beholder, that they are sent there to take their last sublunary lounge.

The Bristol rocks commence from the Wells, and are arranged on each side for nearly two miles down the river, which runs between them in a ser-

serpentine form. St. Vincent's rock is of a tremendous height, impregnated with what is called the Bristol stone; and, when the sun shines in a particular direction upon it, while you are on the opposite shore, this rock in many places appears as if it were decorated with so many little stars. The whole presents a grand romantic scene.

The reverberation of sounds from shore to shore are uncommonly distinct, and I have heard a capital singer, once upon a time, in the celebrated song of Sweet Echo, from this situation, produce a greater and more delightful effect than ever was heard upon the stage; the response was soft, but correct in point of imitation.

The

The rides here are numerous; that over Durden-Downs to Blaze-Castle, in point of prospect, is hardly equalled. After you have made your way to the summit of the hills that overlook the Wells, you arrive at the village of Clifton, which, in point of situation and building, strikes the traveller with delight. The stone, of which these beautiful villas are built, we are told was brought from Bath; the houses are arranged, at that judicious distance from each other, so as to admit of a considerable piece of pleasure-garden, laid out with the greatest taste; the foliage gives an admirable effect to what would otherwise be thought, perhaps, naked and deficient, in respect to its completion.

When

When you arrive at the Downs, you are parallel with the summit of the highest rocks, and look down the awful depth into the winding Avon. Many parts of the Downs are defended with a stone wall, in order that it may be less irksome to the timorous female when she is taking her ride of recreation. There is a beacon built here as a sea-mark, on the highest ground, from whence you have a very extensive view across the Severn to Chepstow and the Welsh mountains; and, while you enjoy the prospect, you imbibe as pure an air as ever wafted over sod.

From this situation, on turning round, you have a view of the extensive city of Bristol, which at that distance presents itself to you as a good object; and, when you come to examine

mine its interior beauties, on a closer point of view, you will find that there are many things worth attention; the churches are for the most part handsome, well furnished, and kept in the greatest preservation; the cathedral has unfortunately suffered so much from intestine broils and savage war, that there is but little of it left, and that is only the inferior part; but St. Ratcliff's church possesses all the elegance of Gothic beauty in a perfect state.

I could always wish to avoid every appearance of egotism in these sketches of different places; for let it be observed, that I am not writing a *musical tour*, where *ego sum* is for ever staring you in the face in every line, nor do I mean to calumniate

niate any body of people whom I have stood before in public, because they have not treated me with idolatry, or that the whole corporation of a town has not met me with a trumpet and drum, and every distinguished symbol of respect.

Should it be asked what I advert to in respect to this digression from the general idea of my plan, I must beg leave to refer my readers to the sentiments of a certain sing-song writer, who, while he was delivering his unparalleled productions through England, and could not be admitted at Cambridge because I was there, abused the Vice-Chancellor for not pushing me out of the town, where I had been handsomely received and caressed for many preceeding years.

Yet

Yet this fulsome egotist, in his incongruous publication, has been pleased to lug me into his muddy matter, and set himself off by saying that the Vice-Chancellor had not only refused him an opportunity of exercising his transcendent talents, but had given that opportunity to another who stood in his way, "whose only merit "was taking him off."

If the few preceding lines should happen to be thought an obtrusion upon my readers, I have to plead, in my own behalf, a propensity that almost all mankind possess, that of retaliation; yet, where I to give a perfect imitation of him, I do not think I could find a dye, in all my compositions of colouring, dark enough to paint him in his true complexion.

But I will take my leave of this subject, and make my way to St. Ratcliff's church, where I was standing one day admiring its external beauties, in company with a gentleman, when we were accosted by an odd looking fellow, from whose appearance we were at a loss to determine whether he was a Jew or a Christian; he addreſſed us with "Good morning, gentlemen, you seem to be admiring that church; it is a fine church, I assure you; opens every morning at eleven o'clock, and is worth your inspection: you seem to be strangers here; did you come upon business or pleasure, gentlemen?" On acquainting him that we came upon business, he obtruded farther on our patience, by asking us if we were in the *mustard-way*.

This

This we were told by our friends afterwards, to whom we related the story, was called *touting* a customer, and, though a whimsical mode, was adopted by many of the lower order of mechanics, by way of driving the nail, as they call it, and keeping up the spirit of trade.

Bristol is a large and opulent city, filled with wealthy merchants and industrious tradesmen; but it is thought its mercantile business has not flourished of late, as it did some years ago, having been rivalled by Liverpool; from what cause is not easily ascertained; some have assigned it to the spirit of the people of Liverpool, others to the great superiority of that port, in respect to the accommodation

dation of vessels in their extensive docks and harbours.

Bristol Hot-wells are one hundred and twenty-two miles from London, the post-towns through which you travel are the same as to Bath.

CHELTENHAM.

CHELTENHAM lies in the beautiful vale of Gloucester, in a rural situation, and is a long narrow town, nearly a mile in extent, well paved, lighted, and flagged; has a clean and bright appearance as you pass through it, many of the houses being well built: there are two Assembly-rooms; the upper one is remarkably neat and elegant, the chandeliers and lustres peculiarly

peculiarly brilliant; the rest of the apartments are very commodious, and in unity with the whole pile; these set of rooms were built by the worthy Mr. Miller, who may be said to be almost the father and establisher of Cheltenham; for it seems to have been the business of his life to lend a helping hand to every project that might facilitate its improvements, and has certainly been a principal instrument in raising it to its present state of popularity.

The lower rooms are handsome, but inferior to the upper ones; they are both rented by Mr. Rook, who conducts the whole with great propriety, and keeps them in so neat and perfect a state, that it gives a pleasing gratification to all who visit them.

There is a Theatre here, which is called a *royal one*; for the manager had the honor of the King's visiting it, when at Cheltenham, as he does that at Weymouth.

I wish it could be said of the Theatre as I have spoken of the public rooms, in respect to their neatness and elegance; but the Cheltenham Theatre is deficient in both; the house is small and uncomfortable, lighted with about half a dozen of the commonest tallow-candles; the stage-lights, as they are called, present themselves to you as something in the shape of a long dripping-pan, and so scantily illuminated, that one would suppose a few black and casual cinders had fallen into it, and produced a blaze; for it has that appearance to the *eye*, and,

and, in respect to *smell*, the nose will bear the eye a faithful evidence.

The performers have the least salaries, and, consequently, the least merit of any set I ever saw; this may proceed from a depression of spirits, for, if an Englishman has but little to eat, he has little inclination to do any kind of business as it should be. A man or woman, who has only eight or nine shillings per week, with the appendage often of a large family, must summon up a considerable degree of philosophy indeed, who can exercise their talents with any portion of reputation to themselves, or satisfaction to an audience, when so narrowed in their circumstances.

The

The walks about this place have been taken a great deal of pains with, in respect to their beauty and convenience; they are well shaded and well gravelled, which was judicious from the first idea, because, as it is only in the summer-season that Cheltenham is visited, the water-drinkers have always a retreat from the glare and heat of the sun, by retiring to the shade.

The pump-room is about a quarter of a mile distant from the town, the greatest part of which you are sheltered with tall embowering trees; and, on your turning round, when you get to the Well, the church, which has a handsome spire, presents itself like a tall and stately obelisk, terminating the north end of the grove.

The

The Earl of Fauconberg has a charming residence here, standing on a rising ground a little distance from the Well, from which he possesses a prospect of the Malvern-hills in Worcestershire, and greatest part of the extensive vale of Gloucester. His Lordship, with that complacency which does him credit as a man, and honour as a nobleman, throws open all his gates, even to the threshold of his house, for the accommodation of the indiscriminate company who may wish to lounge about his grounds.

The taste of the waters of Cheltenham resembles that which has been strongly impregnated with Glauber's salts, and has much the same effect upon those that drink them; they are said to relieve an aching head, clear an over-

over-charged stomach, and produce a good appetite,—disorders naturally brought on by the mode of living, the lack of rest, and want of air, in London; and such do well to visit this Lethe to the mind, and comfort to the body, who may be so circumstanced as to have it in their power to make it a temporary retreat in the summer.

The markets are well supplied, and the provisions in common are tolerably cheap, considering it a place of pleasure.

The regulation of the markets are attributed to Mr. Moreau, who for many years presided as Master of the Ceremonies at Cheltenham, and filled that situation with a great degree of reputation to himself and satisfaction to

to the company who frequented this place. He is a gentleman of a liberal turn of mind, of a good family, and endowed with an education that constitutes him a man of letters. But he is in a very bad state of health at present, and visited with heavy bodily complaints, which seem to weigh him to the ground.

Mr. King is an Irish gentleman, who presides in the office of Master of the Ceremonies to the upper rooms at Bath, and officiates in that capacity now at Cheltenham, and, should he conduct himself with the same degree of *complacency* as his predecessor, he will *deserve* the same encouragement. *Time will shew.*

There are two libraries; and that which is kept by Harwood, who is an old

old inhabitant, is composed of a great collection of books, and I believe many of them valuable ones; I mean that library in the new buildings, for he has one also in the High-street; the new room is very commodious, handsomely built, and well filled. There is another kind of library, but it is furnished with so heterogeneous an assortment of millenery, perfumery, powder and paste, toys and trinkets, that, from its external appearance, one is at a loss what to call it, except it be the gossiping shop; for there is a smirking wench or two, that seem to attract the old and weak-hammed debauchees, who visit there for the sake of a little small talk, and become customers for the sake of being flattered in their dotage. The books which this library contains are chiefly of

of such as teem from the Minervarian press, but the only matter that seemed to be read while I was there was mostly the lie of the day, where it was said one day that Buonaparte was taken by the English, and contradicted the next; which is a political idea in the printer of a newspaper, because it makes two paragraphs, one day to give a false report as a *truth*, and the next to give that report the *lie*; but old Time, after all, has set us to rights, for we find the little bustling hero at last surrounded in *jeopardy*.

The lodgings of this place are enormously dear, and, like those at Tunbridge-wells, ill adapted, to the middling sort of society, not only extravagant in the extreme, but shamefully deficient in point of accommodation. The lower kind of inhabitants are as illiterate as Laplanders;

and, having the complexion of Jews, are generally as avaricious and hard in their dealings.

The rides are various, and well diversified with shade and rural villages, but little water; the roads are generally very bad. The ride to Dowdswell, which lies four miles from Cheltenham, on the London road, is the best, and that elegant village is sheltered from east and north-east winds by hanging woods; it is built upon a hill, comprising only five or six handsome houses, from which you have a most beautiful and extensive view of almost all the vale of Gloucester, over Cheltenham; the spires of the different villages, peering over the tufted groves, terminated with the stately and celebrated Gothic tower of Gloucester Cathedral, at the distance of about thirteen miles.

Once

Once, on a summer's evening, I had the pleasure and delight of seeing the setting sun take his leave, and couch behind the Malvern hills, which are at an immense distance, yet are seen from Dowdswell; the rays of light, from the sun upon the clouds, threw such a glow and solemnity upon the earth, tinting it with so beautiful a variety, that, had there been but water to have finished the scene, a judicious painter might have formed a picture equal to the best of Claude Lauraine;

The village of Presbury lies two miles on the north side of Cheltenham, to which you may better walk than ride; and so secluded in orchards and other trees, that one neighbour can hardly see another's house, from the redundancy

redundancy of the foliage that surrounds it.

Here the wanderer will be surprised to find a neat hotel, with almost every accommodation, and a garden laid out with peculiar taste and fancy, and which has had more pains taken with it than is generally to be met with in so circumscribed a spot; a beautiful thatched grotto-hermitage, decorated with shells and fossils of various kinds, and displayed in the most ingenious manner; small Gothic windows with old painted glass, the floor tessalated, and different parts decorated with round convex mirrors; the whole is rendered the more impressive on the mind, from the various and negligent shrubs that shelter it, giving the interior part a solemn effect; in this situation,

situation, I could not help calling to mind a couple of lines in Shakespeare's As You Like It:

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
"Loose, and neglect the creeping hours of time."

Opposite to the back door of the house, and on a terrace raised at the upper end of the garden, is a Chinese temple, used as a tea-ro m for company, and round it an appropriate balcony, sheltered by an awning from the top.

There is also a tower or beacon at a little distance from the temple, in which there is an octagon room, remarkably neat, where the lounger may refresh himself with tea or wine, or whatever may suit his fancy.

The proprietor, having a botanical taste, has taken care to display it, by decorating the ground with great variety of flowers, which diffuse their essence round you, while you are regaling in the shade.

Cheltenham is ninety-one miles from London, and the post-towns through which you pass are Brentford, Colnbrooke, Maidenhead, Henley upon Thames, Benson, Oxford, Witney, Burford, Northlech, and so on by way of Frogmill to Cheltenham.

Should the traveller have time, he would do well to spend a day or two in Oxford, where he would have an opportunity of exploring the beauties of one of the neatest, cleanest, and most magnificent Gothic cities in Europe.

MALVERN WELLS.

THE Malvern-wells are situated on the brow of that extensive range of lofty mountains, commonly called the Malvern-hills, in the county, and about eight miles from the city of Worcester.

The waters here are said to be a chalybeate, and are a kind of cordial for low spirits; that the air is pure is natural enough, as the Wells lie so eminently high; the prospects are beautiful and of vast extent, reverting the view which you have from Cheltenham to Malvern, by looking back again over the vale of Gloucester, from a north-west point.

There

There is but one hotel, at which the company generally dine together at one table, but they are seldom numerous.

Those who have agility and strength enough to scramble up the mountains, which from the base to the summit is supposed to be two miles, will have a view of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and the black mountains near Brecknock, in Wales; the three cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, are all seen from the same spot with the naked eye, which lie in a kind of triangle, nearly thirty miles distant from each other; and, at the season when the trees are in blossom in these cider-countries, intersected with numerous hop-grounds, they present a picture

picture almost too voluptuous to describe, when you look down upon them from this mountain.

Worcester is a handsome city, great part of which is paved and flagged; it stands on the banks of the Severn, over which is built a very handsome bridge.

The Cathedral is a stately Gothic building, which, with the cloisters, have lately been repaired at a vast expence; the inside of both have the appearance of being newly built; the whole of the Cathedral has had a new pavement laid down, the old monuments put in a good condition, and that of Bishop Hough, sculptured by Rubiliac, would be an ornament, and is fit to be ranked among the best of

that

that artist's performances in Westminster Abbey.

Worcester is a hundred and eleven miles north-west of London, through Oxford, Woodstock, Chipping Norton, Pershore, &c. Malvern-wells is eight miles from Worcester, on the road to Hereford.

Riding near Ledbury, in Worcestershire, one rainy day, upon a restive horse, I had the misfortune to splash a poor young soldier all over, who was on his furlough; I was grieved at the circumstance, and apologized to him; the roads were deeply cut and dirty, he had a heavy knapsack at his back, and seemed much tired; entering into conversation with him, he told me he had played the fool to his

own

own cost, had rashly enlisted for a soldier, in consequence of a little quarrel with his wife, saying she was one of the best of women, and that he had great reason to repent of his folly every day; I pitied his situation, bid him a good day, sat down at the first inn upon the road, and wrote the following song, which I have heard Mr. Dignum sing with great effect:

THE FURLOUGHED SOLDIER.

I.

As I've plodded my way to some far country town,
Full many a wearisome day,
My purse has contain'd but a scanty half-crown,
And that has soon melted away.

II.

Oft tir'd and sad, on some wint'ry road;
With rain I've been wet to the skin;
Of my knap-sack grown tir'd, I've sought for abode
At some friendly good ale-house or inn.

I've

III.

I've hop'd that good Fortune, in turning her wheel,
Would cast me, per chance, on the place,
Where the wound of my bosom would instantly heal
At the sight of my Sally's dear face.

IV.

She grieves, for she knows how I'm destin'd to roam,
On the strength of my furlough to rest;
And then she oft wishes her Allen at home,
To bury his cares in her breast.

About two years after, on the same road, in the winter time, at a cottage near Worcester, being a spectator to an affecting but pleasing scene, where a soldier had just returned from the continent of Austrian Flanders, I was led to a combination of ideas, thinking it might possibly have been the same young man which I saw near Ledbury, therefore was induced to invoke the Muse to furnish me with matter for the same subject:

THE

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

I.

'Twas in the evening of a wint'ry day,
When safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

II.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes,
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown,
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

III.

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn;
His tatter'd 'contrements about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did his cheek adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

IV.

Am I so alter'd with this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
Ah, why escap'd I from the murd'ring shot!

V.

When this he spake, her wonted colour fled,
She ran, and sank upon her Allen's breast,
All pale, awhile she look'd like one that's dead;
He kiss'd, she breath'd, and all her love confest.

VI.

Yes, my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honest courage to this state,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long lost husband, and my wish'd for mate.

Having had for many years a wish to see the ancient and memorable town of Ludlow, in Shropshire, I took the opportunity, when at Worcester, to make it in my circuit to Buxton, and was well requited for my trouble.

Whatever way you approach Ludlow, you find an ascent up to the market place, which is in the centre of the town; the streets are wide and well

well built, and, opening to the four points of the compass, east, west, north, and south, command different ways a variety of prospects.

The Castle stands upon a lofty hill, seemingly much higher than that of Windsor, when you look down upon the College of Eaton from the terrace; it commands a most enchanting country, but is in a state of ruin, and the mouldering hand of time has given it a fantastic and magnificent effect.

Imagine yourself in the most favorite walk of Kensington-gardens, and that walk zig-zagged down the side of a stupendous mountain, shaded with embowering trees; and, as you peep through the different vistas, the fertile valley sbelow, and the distant hills present

sent the most unrivalled landscapes; such is the promenade at Ludlow.—The river, gliding through the meadows, near the base of the castle walls, is clear and wide, decorated with various kinds of shrubs; a venerable bridge strides across the stream, over which there hangs a high and shaggy promontory, sheltering a water-mill, standing near to a line of dwarfy rocks that run from shore to shore, impeding the hasty current; the effect of which is hardly to be conceived; the enraged river rushing furiously against its cross impediment, rises above the common surface, and in foaming surges overwhelms the obstructing ridge, hurrying down the counter-side with a tremendous roar, forming a beautiful cascade, like to another Niagara, or a Mississippi; the whole

whole presenting as beautiful a natural picture to the eye as can be formed by the most creative imagination.

The Castle is said to be nearly half a mile in circumference; I explored, and could have wept at its interior delapidations. This relic of grandeur was once the ancient habitation of King Stephen, and in various reigns the station where many a British worthy has placed himself in his courtly seat, enjoying the splendour of his golden hours; some might have felt as I did, especially when they beheld the lofty topping towers, mantled with pensive ivy, threatening every wondering passenger, whose veneration for the scene may have led him too near its precarious foundation or its opening sides.

It was here King Edward kept his crowded court at the time of the bloody struggles between the contending houses of Lancaster and York. It was from hence his sons, the poor young Edward Prince of Wales, and Richard Duke of York were sent for by the tyrant Richard, and murdered in the tower of London. Here the great Earl of Pembroke lived, and the illustrious and elegant Sir Philip Sidney, while within these walls, in his hours of lucubration, presented to the world that beautiful ornament to literature called the COUNTESS of PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA.

Here Milton's Comus was partly written, and first performed in all its splendour by courtly actors, attended by princely auditors. The wood is still

still standing in the neighbourhood of the castle where he laid the scenes for his important Necromancer, to exercise his fancy and riot in his revels.

It was here that the witty but unfortunate Butler (even in the tower, over the great gate-way, at the entrance of the castle) wrote the greatest part of his Hudibras. The stately walls are now tumbling down, and the spacious hall that once was decorated with a gilded roof and choicest hangings, crouded with female beauty, and with warriors bold, is open now to the inclemency of the skies; its garnished sides are all defaced; but there is a mutability in all sublunary matters which only serves to tell us that *time* has no respect to *persons* or to *things*.

BUXTON.

BUXTON.

This place is generally very fashionably attended in the summer season; it lies in the peak of Derby; the waters are said to render great relief to those patients who are afflicted with rheumatisms or spasms; they are grateful to the taste, and rather warm; I had never an occasion to make use of the *waters*, but the *air* produces a vigorous appetite.

Buxton is built chiefly of stone, and was no more than a small village of great inns, hotels, and little public houses a few years ago, but it has been considerably augmented, many little dwellings being lately built, have made it a town of more consequence; the

the new Crescent has given it a stile and dignity, which, though it lies in a dell, has raised it to that degree of respect as to excite the attention of all travellers. It is built with stone, and said to be as fine a piece of masonry as any thing we have to boast of, being both elegant and extensive, has a handsome piazza in the front; the rest of the building is of the Composite order. In rainy weather, and there is commonly more at Buxton than at any other town in England, except Manchester, the piazza is found a convenient shelter, the people having it in their power to go from house to house without suffering from the liquid climate.

The stabling is on a rising ground, at the distance of about one hundred yards

yards from the back part of the Crescent, between which there runs a rivulet, that carries off every thing that might prove offensive from the stables, which form a circus of great extent, and are also built of stone; the interior part is colonnaded round, with a spacious ride in the centre. Within the colonnade they have secured a shelter like to that in the Crescent, to prevent the grooms and other servants suffering from the rain while they are dressing the horses; each of these pillars is cut out of one solid stone of about ten feet high, and handsomely formed; the coach-houses are on one side of the stables, which are built in the same order and beauty, and possess the same conveniency; the whole displaying the most uniform and extensive mews in the kingdom.

The

The Royal Hotel is very commodious, forming part of the Crescent, built on an extensive scale; the rooms are handsome, many of them elegant, but the Assembly-room, which is within the Hotel, is as finished in respect to symmetry and ornament, both as to the mason and the upholdsterer, as any that I ever remember to have seen.

The Hall was formerly the only house of accommodation, and is yet fashionably attended, being near the wells or pump-room, at the end of the Crescent; the libraries here are small, nor are there any shops that can boast of a respectable appearance, there being no rooms of consequence or magnitude enough to display a variety of articles.

There

There are two very large inns, in the upper or high part of the town, the White Hart and the Eagle, which, like those of the Hall, Royal Hotel, &c. in the lower town, are made use of as boarding houses, where the visitors, in different parties, mess together in the greatest harmony, order, and decorum, and are seldom at a loss for the want of mental as well as bodily entertainment; the charges are moderate, considering the great variety of viands which are generally served up to the company.

Lodgings in private houses are of a very moderate kind, and scarce; there is no common market here, so that butcher's meat, poultry, and fish are very dear, and fruit is sold at an enormous price, being brought from a con-

a considerable distance; for there is little vegetation about Buxton; the country round it is bald, bleak, and dreary, has little foliage, and bears a great resemblance to many parts of Scotland. The rides are not very pleasant, there being no objects but naked hills and fruitless dales, picturing one desolate scene, often impressing the mind with melancholy.

To gentlemen who go there on the plan of grouse-shooting and moregame, it is well enough; but the invalid, who wishes to recreate himself with a morning's ride now and then, had better confine himself to the purlieus of the Crescent, or the walks in the garden belonging to the Hall.

There is a little compact theatre here made out of an old barn, which has had much pains bestowed upon it, and the interior so decorated, that when you are in it, you loose all idea of its original state; it is usually kept very clean and well lighted; the outside has also been so well furbished up, as almost to make you forget its wonted rusticity; I have seen good acting in this little theatre, when Cooke, who used to perform in the Manchester company, has been there on a summer's engagement.

Poole's Hole is a subterraneous cavern, about a mile from the crescent, which, from its entrance to its furthermost bounds, is said to be six hundred feet, and in which are many an excavated

excavated and lofty roof; you are conducted through this place by a set of old women, something resembling the witches in Macbeth, with small candles stuck between their greasy fingers.

In some parts it is decorated with various coloured spar, which, from the light of the candles, often gives it a beautiful effect; yet, this is a visit of some danger; for, when you have been riding or walking on a summer's day until you are warm, the fatal chills have sometimes been attended with disagreeable consequences to the constitution, by giving it a sudden check; in many places there is the appearance of large rocks of ice, which are continually kept wet, and rendered slippery from the drizzling and petrifying

fying springs which ooze from the roof.

Many of the rocks on your approach, and which are only seen by the dim and imperfect light of a few halfpenny-candles, present themselves to you in various shapes, one like a couching lioness, another resembling an ancient regal throne, which they have named Queen Elizabeth's chair; the whole is an epitome of that wonderful celebrated cavern called the Devil's Peak, near Castleton, and not far from the Duke of Devonshire's magnificent seat in the same county.

Poole's Hole is visited by most of the people who make a summer's excursion to Buxton, and is well worth the observation of the curious, being one

one of those very striking and sublime scenes in nature which seldom fail to gratify the eye as well as the mind.

At the back of Poole's Hole, on the brow of an extensive hill, is a curious kind of village, the dwellings are of a whimsical construction, called the Ashilocks or Ash-hillocks, where there have been a number of lime-kilns, which, from the frequent rains, have become a kind of mortar, encrusted and hardened by the sun; they are all hollow, and the poor inhabitants have taken possession of them, propped up the arched roofs with the strongest wooden piles, and formed them into one, two, and sometimes three, tenements, under one roof, with a small window to each, some of them clean and not uncomfortable, and wherein

many of the inhabitants have brought up a numerous offspring.

They have most of them prudently embanked up a sufficient portion of ground which they have levelled out before their doors, where they often sit on a summer's evening, regaling with their brother rustics over a mug of ale; some of these people have decorated the entrance of their cells with little arbours, by planting such shrubs about their doors as will grow in that chalky heated soil.

It is supposed that these huts contain two hundred souls. At a distance the whole appears like a warren, where the inhabitants run to and from each burrow like rabbits, so that it may be called a *burrow* town without

without a *Corporation*. In point of situation, being on a hill, it has the advantage of Buxton, which is no bad object from it; and the humble inhabitants have to boast of Fate's having placed them so much above their betters.

Buxton is one hundred and fifty-nine miles and a half from London, through Barnet, St. Alban's, Dunstable, Newport-Pagnell, Northampton, Harborough, Leicester, Mount-Sorrel, Loughborough, Derby, Ashbourn, and so on to Buxton.

MATLOCK.

MATLOCK.

MATLOCK I believe is visited more from the romantic pictures of nature which it displays, than from the efficacy of its springs; for here is a splendid scene indeed, comprised within the space of two short miles, which is soon explored, and seldom retains a party for any length of time; the visitors drop in here as butterflies would upon a beautifully coloured flower, which attracts them more from its gaiety than from its honied sweets.

Most minds revolt at the arrogance of an ignorant and over-grown innkeeper, and here many have been disgusted from the same cause. Matlock has several hotels, as they are pleased

pleased to call them, and the guests are generally glad to get *out* of their *inns* as soon as they can, who find it a common maxim with the hosts to make their friends, who come to feast their eyes on these luxuriant scenes, *pay* for their *peeping*.

There is a boldness and a beauty at Matlock not easy to be described; it should be seen; the objects are so refulgent, that neither the pen nor the pencil can produce a true effect; this village is enclosed between two lofty hills, partly covered with hanging woods, through which are often seen a ponderous rugged rock, tufted with dwarfish shrubs, sprung from the crannies, wherein some alien seedling casually might have dropped and taken root; the clear impetuous river hurrying

ing down the steep, with a formidable roar; the oak, the willow, the ash, and other trees stretching out their long expanded leafy arms midway over the stream, forming a grateful cooling shade.

Sir Richard Arkwright's elegant mansion is contiguous to Matlock, and his grounds being handsomely laid out are a great attraction to every stranger.

But there is a great draw back to all those pleasurable scenes, both in respect to the eye and the ear, from the manufactories which are built so near the bath.

The eye is offended too frequently here from having the uniformity destroyed

stroyed by two or three large red brick buildings, standing on the margin of the clear and winding stream, intruding upon the harmony of the prospect, and disgracing the native colouring of the grey, the grave, and towering rock, which has stood there from the creation of the world, by having a neighbour obtrude itself so near its ancient precincts in the modern form of an extensive brick-kiln.

The ear is offended hourly by the rude or indecent speeches of the almost lawless manufacturers, should they meet you in your walks or on your rides, accosting you too often with shameful sentences of blasphemy or obscenity; for the wonted simplicity of the rustic, with his obedient nod, has long been done away in this distracted country.

" Why

"Why is this, wherefore?" Shall we call it licentiousness, or has the humble crawling worm, conceiving itself too much oppressed, embibed the poison of the envenomed adder, and raising his ignoble crest, resolved to shew resentment to every imperious traveller who may chance to tread too heavily on the secret path under which he sleeps, and wreathing from his crooked narrow cavern of repose, gives his betters to understand that he is possessed of feeling; or has he, having been visited by the spirit of equality, for ever taken leave of *order* and *degree*, so truly necessary in society;—if it be so, the times are bad indeed. Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Creſſida, has defined this matter more philosophically, and to the purpose, than any other writer, saying,

"The

" The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sphere'd
Amidst the rest; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! Oh! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters

Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up itself."

Matlock is one hundred and thirty-six miles from London, through Derby.

HARROWGATE.

There is an upper and a lower Harrowgate, which lie at about a mile distant from each other, and in point of accommodation, manner, and custom,

custom, are similar to Buxton, only with this difference, they are less elegant but still more moderate in respect to boarding and other expences.

There is great decorum and good order at the boarding inns, and mostly good harmony; this may proceed from a president being placed at the head of the table; the last new visitant always takes his seat at the bottom, rising by *degrees* to the head, and that maintains good order; for without a *head* all *bodies* are imperfect.

The two villages of Harrowgate are a few scattered houses on a dreary common, and were it not for the pleasant faces and the good company you often meet with, there is nothing to excite

excite the attention in respect to situation. The rides are tolerable, yet you seem to have nothing worth your pursuit but the dripping well and curious petrifactions at Knaresborough, which is five miles, and Stukely-park, near Rippon, seventeen miles from Harrowgate. You are amply repaid for the length of your ride, from the splendor of the scenes at Stukely.

While at this place, having been invited by an old acquaintance to Kendal, in Westmoreland, I accepted his offer, for two purposes,—that of seeing a worthy intelligent character, and of having an opportunity of taking a survey of Wyndermere-lake, which I had long wished to see, and which lies about fourteen miles to the south-west of the town of Kendal.

After

After riding over the craggy hilly road from the above town to the lake, I was never more struck; it presents itself to you, first, at the distance of about half a mile, just as you have surmounted the summit of the last hill on that road. Its smooth glassy face appears like a clear extensive mirror, seven or eight miles in length, and two in breadth; the lofty mountains, which nearly encircle the whole, present themselves to the traveller with a "sublime and beautiful" effect; but, when you view them from reflection in the water, they appear most formidable; their tremendous shaggy heads seem tumbling into a vast expanse: sometimes a cloud will suspend itself midway down a mountain's side, secluding part, leaving the base and summit only visible to the eye,

throwing at the same time a pleasing partial shadow over some part of the chrystal lake beneath.

The Bishop of Landaff's seat stands a beautiful object at the head, Sir Michael Flemming's on one side, and Mr. Christian's on a small island, tastefully laid out in the centre of the lake. These gentlemen have wisely purchased all the contiguous land, in order to improve the scene, by planting down each mountain-side shrubs and various firs, which have greatly taken off that bleak and sterile appearance they formerly wore; they have also made the roads more comfortable to the fashionable visitors who every season make summer-excursions hither, in order to explore these luxuriances of nature.

A lit-

A little way north of this lake is Ambleside; and, having heard much of the waterfall at the back of the town, I was induced to extend my journey, and was fully gratified with viewing so grand an exhibition.

But it would be presumption in me to dwell upon a subject which has been so ably and minutely given from the pens of Mr. Pennant and Mr. Gray, in whose publications the eye has also been aided by correct engravings taken on the spot.

Weary with rambling from place to place, I was much pleased to find near the waterfal a neat and comfortable house of refreshment, furnished with good viands as well as wine; here I rested, and indulged myself;

myself; but, after some time, I was roused from my chair, on hearing a female voice in tones of deep distress; and, looking from the window, saw a beautiful young damsel surrounded by a group of villagers, to whom she was bewailing the loss of her betrothed Allen, for so she called him. I found by the tenor of her story that they had been playing at lover's quarrels, that her swain had taken his leave in a pet, and neglected to visit her at his wonted hour. The poor girl shewed great agitation of mind, tinctured with symptoms of jealousy, for, by what I could learn from her conversation, she had made earnest enquiries of every one she met, if they had seen her Allen in their walks, shewing visible apprehensions of her lover's perfidy, and of his having forsaken

saken her for some other damsel in the neighbourhood. This set my Muse afloat; I thought it no unpleasant subject, and therefore wrote the following song, while sitting over my wine after dinner: it was set to music by Mr. Hook, who has done credit to himself and honor to me, by giving it a melody of notes and simplicity of style, expressing the subject so well, as to cause it to make its way to the heart, like that of my Disconsolate Sailor, composed by the same master with equal ability. The following song was sung by the late Mrs. Kennedy at Vauxhall, some years ago, under the title of

ALLEN

ALLEN BROOKE, OF WYNDERMERE.

I.

Say, have you in the village seen
A lovely youth, of pensive mien;
If such a one hath passed by,
With melancholy in his eye,
Where is he gone?—ah! tell me where!
'Tis Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

II.

Last night he sighing took his leave,
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me.
But heaven knows my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

III.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so;
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me,
Then death shall bear me on a bier
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

The reputation of this song, for it has been much sung and much sold, has

has also been given to the singing-bird of Leicester-place; as if there were no other shrubs seen, nor birds heard to sing, than those that are in Kensington-Gardens, because they are so often visited. I should not say so much of myself, were I not urged to it by too often seeing a jackdaw wearing peacocks' feathers.

The late celebrated patriot Wilkes, speaking of Hogarth, in Number 17 of his North Briton, says, "We all tremble when he takes up the pencil, but we titter when he takes up the pen." So, of this sable bird in question, we admire him while he confines himself to his crotchets and quavers; but, when he aims at metaphors, similies, or figures in rhetoric, we cannot

not help smiling, and sometimes pitying him, for making the attempt.

If it should be thought that I have dwelt too much on this character, let it be remembered that *I did not cast the first stone*, and I feel too strongly the force of the motto in the arms of the Caledonian Kings, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," to bear it with silence.

There is little etiquette at Harrowgate, nor are the company pestered with the officious and *interesed* cringings of an obsequious Master of the Ceremonies. They appropriate one from among themselves, such as may have good-nature enough and ability to undertake the office during his visit. At dinner the gentlemen treat the

the ladies with wine; who in the afternoon return the compliment by treating the gentlemen with tea; and all this seems to be done in perfect amity.

There is a billiard-table at each village, where there is much play, but little gambling; they were erected for amusement, and, that every one may have their share, the ladies are not excluded.

The Library is not of the greatest magnitude, but is pleasantly situated on a rising ground, between Upper and Lower Harrowgate; it is an agreeable lounge, where you are accommodated with newspapers, hear the novelties of the day, and sometimes form a good society.

Harrowgate is two hundred and twelve miles from London, and fifteen miles north of Leeds in Yorkshire.

SCARBOROUGH.

In your way from Harrowgate to Scarborough, you go through the ancient and venerable city of York, the metropolis of the northern part of England. It is well worth the traveller's while to rest a day in this city, especially if he should possess a taste for antiquity.

The cathedral is perhaps one of the largest Gothic structures in Europe, shamefully huddled up and obtruded upon by the pitiful houses that enclose it,

it, almost to the very steps of every entrance; so that you are mortified by having only a piece-meal view of this national ornament from any point whatever.

Scarborough is a well-built market-town; its castle, of no inconsiderable extent, standing upon a stupendous promontory, commanding a view of the great German ocean, has a sublime effect as you approach it from the sea. The market is well supplied, provisions tolerably cheap, and the visitor has a greater advantage here than at most other watering places, from the extent of the town, in respect to providing himself with lodgings, being often more convenient and moderate in their prices.

The

The bathing is not so pleasant as at Margate and many other places, owing to the sudden tides and the short breakings of the sea, which often come with great impetuosity, and sometimes danger, to those who venture too far from the shore: many accidents have happened in this respect.

I had the mortification some years ago to be one among many hundreds of spectators who saw the late unfortunate Mr. Bowers, tutor to the Earl of Glasgow, while he was bathing, drowned; a very amiable young gentleman, and a sound scholar; he was an excellent swimmer, but was too confidence in his own abilities; for, while he was laving and amusing himself at a considerable distance from the beach, the sea-breaks overcame his strength,

strength, beat him almost to pieces against the shingles, and carried his body away into the wide ocean, where he sank; he was thrown up next day by the tide, at a little distance from the town.

He was buried a few days after this accident, and followed to the grave by a great concourse of voluntary mourners, shewing an unfeigned grief, wetting their handkerchiefs with their tears, which issued from the heart, as a tribute to his virtues, and actuated by the reflection of so melancholy a catastrophe.

There is a tolerable theatre here, and the performers are much upon a par with all other companies who perform at watering places.

The Assembly-room has nothing to boast of in respect to elegance: there is some dancing, but the *four aces* trip it right hand and left with more agility and dexterity, and are more attended to, than the most celelebrated gentleman of the *pump*.

Scarborough is two hundred and thirty miles from London, and forty-four from the city of York.

While at the above place, I fortunately picked up, at a bookseller's shop, Ward's Antiquities of the County of York, who seems to be a very modest writer, but does not excel much in diction, nor is he very minute in respect to particulars. However, from what he says of Beverly-minster, a building little spoken of in the southern

ern parts of England, I was excited to ramble about five and twenty miles out of my way, to gratify myself with a sight of it, for it lies near Hull, in a nook of Yorkshire.

Mr. Ward says, "The Danes, it seems, had not totally ruined the monastry of St. John of Beverly; for we are told, that, in the year 1088, it was entirely destroyed by an accidental conflagration. But such was the piety of mankind, by degrees, in various times, and of different work, they raised it to an admirable form, and in an order the most magnificent and majestic. Its length from east to west was one hundred and eleven yards; from north to south above fifty-five; the breadth of those aisles being twenty-one, the height from the pavement

to

to the highest cieling about twenty-two, the side-aisles eleven, and up to the two strong western towers sixty-six. Thus it remained in glory till its dissolution, which we are told was in the first year of King Edward VI. by the power of an act made in the 26th year of his father's reign. After which, being abandoned and stripped of its land, all the gutters, contra-forts, and battlements, fell into a lamentable decay. Its once-curiously painted windows were broken and imperfect in several places. In short, so much was the building out of repair, that, in the year 1710, it had like to have fallen, and become as a chaos of confusion, especially the north-east part of the great cross, with others adjoining, that depended upon one another, which, had such a deplorable

plorable accident happened, might have very much endamaged the choir.

" But, through the happy interposition of John Moyser, Esq. who procured a successful brief, assisted by the advice of Nicholas Hawksmore, Esq. famous for his knowledge in architecture; encouraged by King George the First, who granted towards its repair some of the stones of St. Mary's Abbey, York; and Sir Michael Warton, who not only gave in his life-time 500l. but bequeathed 4000l. more, which happily increased by the rise of the South-Sea Stock, and escaped that dreadful storm that afterwards happened on that unfathomable ocean:

" All these powerful assistances enabled the Gentlemen entrusted to restore

restore, as it were, this famous church to its ancient splendor,—the admiration of all that behold it at this day.

"When the present beautiful pavement of the church was beginning to be laid, the aforesaid relics were again taken up, till an arched repository of bricks was made, in which they were replaced, with this new addition to the ancient inscription.

"To describe all its present beauties; the aforesaid pavement, in the body of the church, margined with black marble; that, in the choir, still more exquisitely fine, in form of a hexagon or cube; the altar, built after the Corinthian order, (up to which is an ascent of five or six steps, and curiously arched above, with the emblem

blem of St. John behind,) the table being of fine white marble, presented to the church by John Moyser, Esq.; the lesser cross on each side; that part on the South, now a place to transact parish-affairs, and some of the North, made the vestry; the place called *sanctum sanctorum*, handsomely paved with stones of two colours; the beautiful marble monument under the great east window, in honour of Sir Michael Warton, erected at the expence of his grateful executor, Sir Michael Newton, Knt.; the screen at the back of (and ancient decayed spire-work, like canopies over) the stalls, artfully mended and supplied; the carved screen of fine white Roche-abbey stone, dividing the choir from the western part of the church, done after the old Gothic order; the new

pulpit

pulpit, desk, and cover of the font, of agate-stone, which was removed from the west end to the south wall; the nicely-contrived seats, with neat galleries for the parishioners in the side-aisles, of the Doric order, resembling those of St. Alban's at Rome, supported by pillars of wood, without any damage to those of stone, which uphold the church; the large effigies of the four Evangelists, St. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with their emblems beneath, which adorn the inner side of the great west door; up to which, on the outer, are new and handsome round steps of fair and white stone; to tell how wonderfully the late ingenious Mr. Thornton, of York, contrived an engine to screw up, perpendicular, the wall aforesaid, that before hung over three feet and a half;

a half; how a great part of the large cross, from whence the painted window of St. Martin had been taken, was nobly rebuilt, and the outside and towers, especially from the west end of the south side to the door, repaired: truly to give all these their just encomiums would swell my volume to a greater degree than designed."

Mr. Ward has forgot to mention the great endowments bestowed upon this minster by the Pennyman's family, or to describe the beautiful chapel in the east part of the church, appropriated to their use, and in which are several handsome monuments, built in honour of their ancestors.

In the north window, in the cross aisle, is a perfect painting on the glass

of King Athelstone in his regal, and of John of Beverly in his pastoral, robes, holding a handsome crosier in his hand; the back ground represents a prospect of part of the adjacent country, to which the King is pointing, and from his mouth a scroll, inclosing a poetical decree in four lines of old German Text.

All's free
Make I thee
As hearte can wishe
Or eye can see.

The whole minster is kept in so excellent a state of preservation, that one might suppose the mason had just taken his tools away, or that the doors had been opened to day to gratify the eye of the spectator with what seems to have been only finished yesterday.

This

This minster, very unlike that at York, stands at the extremity of the south part of the town, in an extensive close, with gravelled walks, arched over with stately trees, divested of the disgraceful encumbrances of paltry houses and ragged tenements which invest the latter stately fabric, and its beautiful Chapter-House.

Mr. Ward has also forgot to mention, that the model of Mr. Thornton's engine, that drew up the stupendous wall of the north aisle of Beverly minster, which had swerved so far out of the perpendicular, is deposited in the mansion house of York, well executed in wood, and worthy the attention of every mechanist.

TYNMOUTH.

This watering place lies eight miles to the north east of Newcastle in Northumberland; it is only a small village, composed of little more than one tolerable street of lowly houses; being in a plentiful country, a visitor may indulge himself and enjoy the advantage of bathing here more reasonably than at any other place of the kind. The inhabitants, who possess the lodging houses and let them to the visitors, are humble, and seldom extortionate; it is said that there are sharks upon this coast, but there are none so ravenous as the great shark on the parade at Margate in Kent, who extends his wide and avaricious jaws with rapacious eagerness whenever

ever he hears of a hoy coming into harbour, freighted with London *gudgeons*, who have fattened their sides while they have been gliding about, and busying themselves for eight or nine months on the muddy banks of the river Thames, between Westminster and London Bridges; this land-shark employs himself for three or four months in the summer with gutting the gudgeons in question, and, after depriving them of all the substance of their well-clad ribs, spurns them with contempt, and sends them home again in a pitiable state, like so many shotten herrings.

The bathing at Tynmouth is comfortable and convenient, being sheltered by an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, divided at the distance of about two

hundred yards from each other, and about three hundred yards to the extremity of the rocks, which run parallel, and open to the great German ocean. You are never annoyed by the wind but when it sets in from the east, being defended from all the other points by the rocks; the sands are delectable to the feet, being more divested of pebbles or rubbish than any other bathing place.

On the point of one of the rocks are the beautiful and extensive ruins of Tynmouth-Abbey, built in the reign of King Athelstone, near to which stands the castle, both commanding an extensive look-out to the sea, and a side view of the busy port of Shields, which is divided from the castle and the Abbey by the River Tyne. A few miles

miles from this place is Seaton Dellaval, the seat and splendid domains of the Dellavals of Northumberland.

One moon-light evening, walking with a friend about a mile northward upon the sands and near the rocks, we were surprised to see a female all alone near the mouth of a cave, who had recently lost her lover near that spot, by being overset in a small vessel while they were sailing for a little recreation too near the shore, where he was unfortunately drowned. She was a handsome young woman, and appeared to be inconsolable, leaning upon her arm upon a large stone at the entrance of the cave; her situation was pitiable, her sorrow excessive, nor could we prevail upon her with the most earnest entreaties to leave that melancholy

melancholy spot. She acquainted us with the place of her residence, to which we made the best of our way, and told her friends of her unfortunate situation, but had the mortification of being informed by the neighbours, that she died on the morrow of a broken heart.

Though struck with the malady which attended this poor ill-fated fair one, yet it presented itself as no improper Thesis; out of which I produced the following song, entitled the

MAID OF THE ROCK.

I sat out one eve with intention to roam
To the rock where the surges wantonly play;
When the owl had stole out from her secret home,
And bright vested Hesperus clos'd in the day;
The moon was at full and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green mantl'd seas;
The God of the Ocean was gone to repose,
And Æolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On

II.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a sorrowful tale has been sung;
Where blood-hunting robbers had oft held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung;
My eyes were alarm'd on beholding a maid,
Who near to the cavern sat silent in grief;
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

III.

She started with fear, and she fain wou'd have fled,
I begg'd her to stay and her sorrow relate;
Then told her from me she had nothing to dread,
That I was brought there by the order of fate;
You came by the order of one she reply'd,
Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind;
O'erwhelm'd in the deep my dear William, my pride,
Then sank, and she gave her last breath to the wind.

YARMOUTH.

YARMOUTH is in the county of Norfolk, and lies near to the sea-coast, about twenty-eight miles east of that city; the town stands in a peninsula, and its bay has often been said

said to have been something similar to that of Naples; the streets are wide, and, upon the whole, very well built.

The bathing here, in respect to purity, is equal to the most frequented watering place in England, but so much cannot be said in regard to its conveniency or accommodation, the whole town and the country round for many miles being one continued bed of sand; therefore, as the machines are at some distance from the town, if you ride, the horse is up to the belly, and if you walk, you are up to the knees in this troublesome soil.

The low-backed car is a vehicle commonly used here, and I believe on account of the roads, but it is a disagreeable

agreeable species of conveyance; you cannot help forming to yourself, from the slowness, its humble appearance, and your near acquaintance with your mother-earth, while you are riding in one of these cars over the sandy roads, that you are in a sledge, drawn like a traitor, to some place of execution. But when upon the rough pavement in the town, you are electrified with the bone-breaking motion, almost impossible to sustain it even when in health, but an invalid is in danger of annihilation.

Yarmouth is not so fashionably attended as Southampton, Brighthelmstone, or even Margate or Ramsgate; but those who go with a good appetite get themselves gratified at a much less expence than at either of the other places,

places, and many of the summer visitors of this town are neighbours composed mostly of that description, who go more for an hour of relaxation, to look about them and to gratify their stomachs with the viands of the table, than swill themselves with the briny water of the ocean.

This town, from its traffic and maritime intercourse, like Southampton and Scarborough, is more independent of the company that go there than Brighton, Margate, or Ramsgate; not a new-fangled place, built by greedy and insatiable swallows for a season, who live on the giddy summer-flies from London and its vicinity.

The lodgings are more easily acquired, and rents more moderate than the

the other mercenary places in question; and provisions of every kind are to be had at a much cheaper rate, at any time of the day, without being obliged to scramble for them.

There is a theatre here generally well attended, belonging to Mr. Brunton, Manager of the Norwich company, which, next to those of London, Bath, and York, stands in a more respectable light than most other theatres in England.

The Assembly-room is not of the first order, either in respect to its elegance or the company that attend it, and there is no other structure of consequence, unless it be the Custom-house.

The church has a whimsical twisted spire, slated, or leaded, from the bottom to the top, resembling an inverted cornucopia, and, as it has a good fat living attached to it, conveys no bad idea, being more the symbol of plenty than of piety.

Yarmouth, through Colchester, Ipswich, Woodbridge, &c. is one hundred and twenty-three miles from London, which is the nearest road; should you go through Chelmsford, Bury St. Edmund's, and Norwich, it is one hundred and twenty eight miles.

At Bury St. Edmunds', which is called the Montpellier of England, in point of air and situation, the traveller, should he have a veneration for antiquity, ancient architecture, or monastic history,

history, he will be gratified were he to stop at this place.

The two churches which were built, and at this time stand upon one extensive and consecrated piece of ground, are both handsome and venerable edifices, but that of St. Mary's is uncommonly so; the taper Gothic lofty columns, which support the roof, are scarcely to be equalled in symmetry and beauty in any other church in this island; the roof was made in France, and put together after it was brought into this country.

It has altogether a very light and elegant effect, and is ever kept in good repair; the ancient monuments are numerous, and many of them spacious;

cious; the armorials for the most part are richly blazoned.

The pulpit and the desk are an expensive piece of workmanship, built of the best mahogany, and of an uncommon size.

The church-yard comprises many acres, and the grave-stones are multifarious to a great degree.

Many striking vestiges of antiquity surround this burying-place, particularly the stupendous ruins of the ancient abbey, of which Mr. Kendall has given us a very accurate engraving in its present state, which being engrafted as it were by many well built houses, erected within the strong cemented arches, give it an uncommon effect, and

and adds greatly to the curiosity of the picture. He has likewise, by way of explanation, furnished us with an interesting part of its history, saying, "This structure was, in the time of its perfection, accounted the largest church in England, being two hundred and forty feet broad, and five hundred and thirteen feet in length. It had five aisles, and was exceedingly lofty. Its inside was enriched with the most beautiful work in carving and gilding, exclusive of many stately monuments, which were erected over the remains of royal and noble personages, whose interments in the church were numerous.

"Among these were St. Edmund, King and Martyr.

" Constantia, Countess of Richmond, daughter of William the Conqueror, by Lady Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders.

" Richmond, the Conqueror's nephew, who landed with William, and shared the command in the famous battle of Hastings.

" His brother and successor Allen Niger, Earl of Brittany and Richmond.

" Thomas Plantagenet, son of King Edward the First, by Lady Margaret, daughter of Philip King of France, Earl Marshal of England and Earl of Norfolk.

" Thomas of Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, by the Lady Caroline Swinford.

" Mary Tudor, Queen of Louis the Twelfth, King of France, and sister of King Henry the Eighth.

" John

"John of Lydgate, the famous poet, Monk of this Abbey.

"Robert the Martyr, who was crucified by the Jews.

"Sir William Elmham.

"Sir William Tressel.

"Sir William Spencer, &c. &c. and most of the Lord Abbots."

Dugdale speaks but little of this place, nor does any other monastical writer; but perhaps this may proceed from want of proper records, (many of which were destroyed at the dissolution of the great Abbey), which would have given them a just and fair authority for a true and more particular information in respect to the annals of this memorable town and its Gothic relics.

It is a pity, and a great loss to the curious who take pleasure in making researches

researches of this nature, that more of its history has not been preserved, as there are many other visible and striking marks of antiquity, which testify that Bury St. Edmund's has once been a place of very considerable consequence as well as grandeur.

Norwich, next to London and Bristol, is one of the largest cities in England, has the narrowest streets, and the largest market-place that is to be seen any where, except Covent-Garden and Smithfield in London, and they have to boast of its being as plentifully supplied with all the good things of the earth as any market in the three kingdoms.

The cathedral is a large building, much more extensive than either of the churches at Bury St. Edmund's, but by

by no means so elegant as St. Mary's at the latter place; nor is there that respectable history about it.

In Norwich there are thirty-three churches, which shew that religion was more attended to and revered by our ancestors than it is at the present day, unless in the fanatical sectaries of Moorfields and Tottenham Court-road, where the furious preachers seem to be hand and glove with the great Creator of all Things, making him a partial spirit that has set his face against all but the chosen few, their own goodly selves.

Like Moses, they have their secret conferences with the Deity, though not perhaps in a *burning* bush, but in *secret* chambers, which is a *burning* shame that no one else should be admitted into his presence but a frantic cobler

cobler or a howling tailor, who shall have taken upon themselves to teach the Gospel, one to his own *end* and the other to his own *measure*; promising those that are more ignorant than themselves a passport to heaven, when many of the poor deluded wretches miss their way, and end their melancholy days in Bedlam.

At Norwich there is annually kept a kind of Regatta, and many of the best inhabitants keep a handsome cutter, which on that day they furnish with the gayest rigging. They sail or row down the river to the village of Thorp, about two miles from the city, then assemble in a grove upon the shore to the amount of some hundreds, and spend the afternoon in high festivity; being once of the party, I was much entreated a few days previous

previous to this festival to write them a song upon the occasion, saying, that they were tired of their hackneyed old ditties, and accordingly I penned the following words, making the measure accord with an old French tune, which served as a new one in this country, and I named it the SAILOR'S ALLEGORY; it was sung by one of the party who possessed a strong manly voice; the chorus was general, and has since that time become a very popular song throughout the kingdom; the merit of which, like that of my Disconsolate Sailor, has been given to the same character as that song was, therefore I have taken the liberty to introduce it here, as the finale to this work, with the history of its birth, that the world may no longer be deceived.

Life's

Life's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow.
If unassail'd by squall or show'r,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
While success attends our sails.

Or if the wayward wind should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from Reason how to steer;
Let Judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,—
That's a compass will not stray.
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from dangers, riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care awhile enslumber'd lay;
Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink *success unto our sails*.

FINIS.